

No. 35 - Feb 19/1898

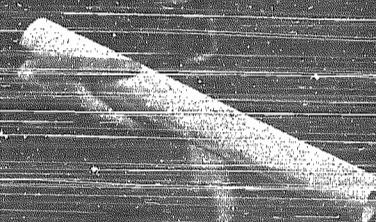
THE WAR CRY

PUBLISHED AT TORONTO

THE NATIONAL

HEADQUARTERS

FOR CANADA AND THE WORLD



(Vol. III. No. 21. February 16th, 1898.)

FIELD COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH HANDING THE WELCOME ADDRESS TO THE GENERAL AT THE MASS RECEPTION MEETING IN MASSEY HALL.

"For myself I am God's I am yours, and I am the Salvation Army's to the end." The Field Commissioner to the General.

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

A Character Sketch

By Lieutenant-Colonel William Brewer, of the Central New York Child Division.

"The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the most powerful temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who utilizes his natural gifts and talents to the highest power, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God is the most unfaltering."—CHARLES.

It is often easier to tell what a man has done than to tell what he is; we know that water quenches a fire, but who can tell what water is? We know that light satisfies the eye, but who can tell what light is? We know that fire gives warmth, but who can define fire?

Perhaps after all, the simplest and easiest way to tell what a man is, is to point out what he has done, for it is not true that what a man does is what he is? "By their fruits ye shall know them." It is a most difficult thing, at least for me, to select a few characteristics and put them forth with any real hope that the whole shall be clearly understood.

While it is a huge, it is not an impossible task, to adequately depict our many readers the chief characteristics that seem to predominantly stand out in one's vision of the great man who is the subject of this brief sketch—the honored leader of men and servant of God, whose name is perhaps spoken affectionately by more millions of people than can be worth the name of any other living person—from whom the apostle of Jesus Christ, the stern advocate of human equal rights, the fiery youthful evangelist, the founder and commander-in-chief of the great, almost innumerable forces of the Salvation Army—yet if we allow this simple truth to apply here, then the personality and individuality and character of the man, General William Booth, is easily understood, quickly recognized, and is photographed upon your mind and heart.

In affectionately examining that photograph, should I, though unworthy of either the confidence or responsibility placed upon me, as a humble officer in this great Army, have followed him for

thirteen years, in a love as a son, and in obedience as a soldier, he would point out to you a few of the features of the noble soul which have impressed them-

self upon me in such a way as to make them an inspiration to you, I will be happy.

Perhaps the most and foremost characteristic of the General, as depicted through his whole career, is his

Indomitable and Unflinching Courage.

Bold to do right, to stand by conscience, face opposition, to meet the storm of criticism, to endure misunderstanding and calumny, to wait even in the hour of apparent defeat, for coming victory—this is proof of the courage which is more than human, and which has carried him on through even friends and converts. In the first instance forced to follow, to the signal triumph with which the Army has been blessed.

Secondly, the General's capacity with a rapidity of mind seldom met, to enter into the varying circumstances, conditions and needs of different nations, peoples and classes, has always marked him out as a leader in men. He is equally at home in the heart of a nation in order to realize its special needs and capacities, to grapple with its problems and seize its opportunities. This seems again to be a gift with which he has been especially endowed by God, and which has marvelously fitted him for the

International Position He Holds

as the founder and leader of the Salvation Army, which has planted its flag and raised the standard all around the world.

A third characteristic of the General's is particularly his capacity to organize and utilize the efforts of others. If the first essential to a true general is his ability to utilize the capacity of others, then certainly our General is not wanting.

Tens of thousands who have never looked upon his face have been inspired by his example, and self-sacrifice, and self-denial for others, and have been converted in their own hearts. The faculty of organizing the forces of others helps us to comprehend the wonderful production of his life—the Salvation Army.

Further, what seems even more won-

derful still, the General has not only

Master Brain of a Great Organizer.

he has communicated that secret and wisdom to others, men and women who knew nothing of organizing, and never would have known, have been taught and trained and developed until thousands are now doing what the General did, so that when the grand old General is gone from us, has crossed the river and entered Heaven, those whom he has trained will go on with the cause, and it shall still live.

The General believed, and more than ever believes, in a reproductive life and a reproductive Christianity. Where can you find a parallel for his life? The nearest approach to it was perhaps Wesley, who after a labor of fifty years, left behind him 174 ministers, 1,000 members, and 1,000,000 converts. General William Booth, after thirty-three years' work, is here to still alive with the prospect of an extended life, surrounded with 12,000 officers, hundreds of thousands of soldiers, and the flag floating and

Loved in Forty-Five Countries of the World.

Many men have organized and conducted great businesses, and have left themselves famous, but nowhere is it to be shown that their energy and ability and sense of success has been reproduced in their children and clerks? No, the business has gone up, and their names with it; after their death the business has melted away and their names forgotten. Here is a lesson for us all. The General got men saved to him, others—to save others to themselves, others—to save others to himself. In many ways he has reproduced himself in many men. So the Army has developed, and will go on and on until the trumpet will sound, and it will never cease praising God for its founder and General. He has ever been

In Every Sense the Leader.

However fast others have developed, however mighty they have become, whatever promise they have given for the future, the General has always been in advance of the foremost of the people. All have looked to him as the master-mind, his heart as the great heart, and his soul as the flaming soul, the human light by which it traced its way through every shadow.

But above all, General Booth's greatest characteristic, and that which must impress everyone who has studied his life and writings and works, is his extreme confidence in God, and his love for God. I think I can truly say General Booth has done more to bring God near to my heart as a Father, and has made the distance less between me and Heaven, and has awakened in me a deeper sense of the worth of a single soul, then any other man, and I have studied a few I have read about him, and the general all that has been said or written for thirteen years. I have been in touch with him a little, and I never listened to him or conversed with him without realizing an exalted sense of God.

He Makes Me Love God so, and He Makes Me Love Man.

And somehow he causes those forces within me to such an extent that they become a part of me, so that through the swelling of my soul would cause my bones to break and this house of clay to give way in an effort to spend and to spent forged and humanity. I doubt not that tens of thousands have through him the same experience.

He unites in me, but my center is general. He neither writes or speaks to the gallery. He belongs to the infinite sumities of man, but he also believes his only possibility is in God, and then for all his effort, whether dealing with men through the hundreds of social institutions, or face to face, or in the great assemblies together with the truth of the Gospel, every soul and thought and soul thing that keeps the world from God; he is never satisfied until he leaves his stoic and is converted.

His Love for Man is the Tendon-

because of his love for God and his fellowship with Jesus, because his soul has been flooded with the Holy Spirit. To get a proper estimate of the secret of his work, one must not simply judge of

the exterior production, but see it inside. He is a Christian—a practical Christian.

His kindly eyes have the gentlest expression and do not look as though they had lost or lost an spiritual that as to have lost all interest in mundane matters. On the contrary, they are the eyes of a lover of mankind. His grey hair and his patriarchal beard impart to him something of the weird air of a prophet of old.

As an observer he is like a camera, he looks in men's souls things to glance, which a very living separates the wheat from the chaff, while the ordinary man would be getting his first impression; he is conversant with the Gettysburg of every nation under the sun, and understands and is able to discuss critically and comprehensively the religious, political and social phases of all nations.

The Leading Men of all Nations

are upon his tongue's end. Notwithstanding his phenomenal series of grand meetings and details of executive work all over the world, he finds time to read the contents of principle books and magazines and in some way has managed to digest them. The light of his knowledge is not put under a bushel, but is placed where the whole world can utilize it. His power of endurance is also worthy of note. He has always said, "I am not quite as to how he managed to get through so much work. 'The one filled with the Holy Ghost shall do exploits.' The average man who preaches twice a week for forty-five weeks in the year, and gives a few outside lectures, and travels a few hundred miles, cannot seem to understand how General Booth, an old man, bowed with the weight of continuous battle of nearly thirty-four of which he has been the leader of an Army which has increased to greater proportions than that which General Grant commanded when Lee surrendered at Appomattox.

Conducting Twenty-Six Newspapers,

with a circulation of 1,000,000 per week, handling property valued at millions, exceeding over \$2,000,000 annually for the support of the Army, and the like power, how he could in addition tonumberless side meetings, such as addresses to business men, drawing-room meetings, huge officers' councils, and performing literary work that produces more volumes in a year than any living writer, conduct from two to three or four great meetings every day with scarcely an interval between them, and the general stands in every instance closing with a prayer meeting, seeing thousands converted and sanctified, and travelling thousands and tens of thousands of miles, and this, too, with a body never strong and often racked with pain.

Surely, God Upholds Him and Makes Him a Leader in the World.

The General is the most active worker of all his hard-working force; no individual has been found who can follow him in work. He is always at it, in the ears, on the boat, at the table, in bed before he sleeps and at it early in the morning. Now here he rises, dressed, worn, and all the time he is over and over him. He grasps the full import of a mighty issue and renders his decision with a quickness that makes one's heart dazed and his mind whirl, but to the General it seems ordinary. This spirit of trifles and industry he has inspired in thousands of others who are to-day rushing, running, rushing on and on with the work of

This Great World-Wide Movement.

The whole Army, the tens of thousands of saved drunkards, happy homes, rescued wanderers, magnify the noble quality of the grand old General.

He is tipped with the snow of the winter of life, his step not so swift as fifty years ago, but his heart is as brave and his eye is as bright, his love as strong and his spirit as indomitable as ever.

I think that the great Christian Dr. Fulton spoke well when he said that when he looked upon General Booth he beheld a man who was as humble as a child, as transparent as glass, and as unconquerable as a lion. May we as his soldiers and soldiers of the Christ he follows, seek to be like him as he is like Christ—Harbor Lights.

"Better to weave in the web of life,
A bright and golden filigree,
And to do God's will with a ready hand,
And with feet that are swift and willing."

Than to break the delicate minute threads
Of our curious lives slender,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends.

And sit, and grieve, and wonder."

Helps for J. S. Workers.

JOSHUA PROCLAIMED AND AI TAKEN.

Joshua viii. 1-25.

The Tables Turned.

UR lesson, last Sunday was on Israel's defeat, brought about by sin. To-day we read of a glorious victory the Lord gave them, because they had destroyed the evil doer.

AI is about ten miles from Jerusalem, two miles from Bethel, and twelve from Jericho, which you remember was the last place of battle.

Methods of Warfare.

There were no guns or canons in those days. Bows and arrows, swords and spears, javelins, catapults and like weapons were used. Armies met in hand-to-hand conflict, and that accounts for the hundreds of thousands slain.

The Plan of Battle—Verses 1 and 2.

God seeks to encourage the Children of Israel. Doubtless the defeat of the Egyptian army lay very sorely yet on their hearts—"Ambush." God's plan was to deceive the man of Ai, as we shall see.

To lay in ambush is to place yourself out of sight of the enemy, ready to rise up at night at the command of your general, and a sudden and violent attack of "ambush" at the Battle of Wadetio. His plan was to wait till the English soldiers were tired out and then let this regiment come out and win the day. But they found it impossible to break the English ranks. May our Army ranks be just as solid.

Read on to verse 12. The plan of上帝's plan would place themselves on the farther side of the city. Josuah would approach Ai from the opposite side and pretend to retreat. The man of Ai would pursue them, leaving the city unprotected. The ambush would then rise and enter the city behind and burn it. Joshua would then turn around and fall upon the enemy, and the men who had been in ambush, after the city was burned, would also engage in the fight.

God has all the Glory.

Verses 7—Notice how Joshua is particularly to give all the glory to God. The battle of Ai was won merely by the soldiers and by the clever plan of battle. God gives the victory.

Verses 14-17—The plan works out splendidly. Why? Because God had arranged it. It would probably have been a failure otherwise. God, therefore, deserves the praise.

Verses 18-19—The Lord gives personal direction in the first. How interested He always is in the first, in the daily fightings, skirmishes, etc., and how gladly He will guide our way through if we will let Him. Hm.

Israel's Enemies Routed.

Verses 19-25—The men of Ai fall into the trap and are utterly destroyed, to the number of twelve thousand. Not even the women are spared.

Verses 26-27—It appears that Joshua had his spear out during the whole battle, and until the enemy was destroyed. (Read Exodus xvi. 11-12)

Even the King had to be killed.

Verses 28—The reason God desired every inhabitant of the land destroyed was because they were wicked people, sinners, idolaters, etc., and He wanted the inhabitants of Israel to be free from the temptations they would throw in the way. What a pity the Children of Israel did not serve all the inhabitants of the land the same way they did the men of Ai! But we shall read of it later. God's distinct command is found in Deuteronomy viii. 1-5.

Leading Thoughts.

1. Obedience brings success.
2. God fights for us and deserves the victory.

3. Sin must be utterly destroyed, the enemies of God cast out.

Questions.

1. Where were the Children of Israel directed?
2. Where is Ai?
3. How did man fight in Joshua's time?
4. Describe God's plan to defeat the men of Ai?
5. What is an "ambush"?
6. Did the plan work out all right?
7. What lesson can be learnt from the victory?

Memory Text.

"According to the commandments of the Lord shall we do."

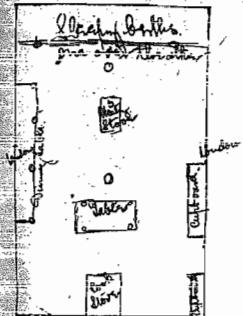
Latest Social Venture a Splendid Success.

WOOD LIMIT IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Labor Provided for Out-of-Works—Men Happy Under Army Management.

THE first hint that the Army was likely to "take to the woods" was given by our late gifted leader, the Commandant, in his daring programme of Jubilee advances, which he issued in this Territory in the General's Jubilee year. That hint has now attained full realization, for, through the enterprise of the North-Western Provincial Officer, Brigadier Bennett, and his aides, who, as we announced a few weeks ago, have secured a Wood Limit 72 miles East of Winnipeg.

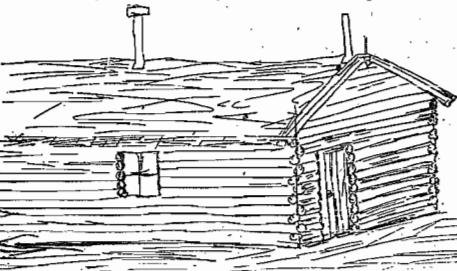
Through acquiring this Wood Limit the Army authorities will be able to supply temporary employment to the out-of-works who throng the Social Reform institutions at Winnipeg, and look to the Army for help in their time of need, as well as supplying wood for the Labor Yard in the city which is kept to supply temporary employment for the immediate needs of those who may want wood and bread, but have no money to pay expenses.



It will readily be necessary to mention that there are many Timber and Wood Limits in Canada, since one of our principal industries is the lumbering business. As may be imagined, although there are many thoroughly well-conducted shanties, there are others where card-playing, dancing and drinking are the diversions on Sundays. The Army will, of course, make Sunday a day of spiritual blessing to the men employed and will endeavor to run the whole thing on pattern lines.

The following information, extracted from a despatch from Brigadier Bennett, will be read with interest:—

Sketch by rough drawing of the men sleeping in bush 1/2 mile from Winnipeg East.



"Fifteen men are at present employed working the bush, and two teams hauling wood either to Darwin or Culver siding, ready to be shipped on the cars to Winnipeg. The men went down early in November. During their first week they did not get opportunity to work, having to fix up the shanty, dig the well, etc. Three weeks after they had one hundred cords of wood cut and piled. The prospect is good for getting fifteen hundred cords of wood of one kind and another during the present winter, and a thousand cords left to dry for next winter. Captain Cromarty, who is in charge of the Limit, says that there ten cords of wood there to last us several years, and there will be plenty of hay to supply the horses after this year.

"The following is a list of prices paid for cutting the different kinds of wood. Poplar, 60c. per cord; Mixed wood, 60c. per cord; Spruce wood, 60c. per cord; Jack Pine, 10c. per cord; Tamarac, 30c. per cord.

"The board is good, and gives general satisfaction. It consists of beef, pork, beans, potatoes, bread, syrup, etc., and the general drink is tea. For board and lodging the men pay \$1.50 per week. In addition to the usual routine of food, they are able to shoot rabbits and pigeons, which are plentiful in the woods, and form an agreeable change to the menu.

"Captain Cromarty reports all the men as being very happy and contented. Of course there is no whiskey drinking, card-playing or cursing in the shanty. Anyone who curses is fined 10c, but not

a man has been fined yet. It is a good indication of the quality of the moral atmosphere that four of the men have already given up smoking."

While the Self-Denial Campaign was on in the North-West a month ago, two of the men contributed \$7.75 towards that fund—a touching tribute to the value the men themselves place upon Salvation Army Social Reform work. The men are in a distinct sense separated from

be a great boon to our Wood Yard in the city, in addition to helping the men temporally, which is no small thing in the North-West, when so many are out of work, and, the long, cold winter, which has been particularly severe, has led to extreme measures to get support. However, we are most anxious to help them all we possibly can, and we shall employ as many men as our finances admit of in connection with our Winnipeg City Industries, and the Timber Limit.

Brigadier Bennett is a Yorkshire man, and Yorkshire men are notorious for good doing. Brigadier Bennett is quite consistent in this respect, at any rate so far as his dealings with others are concerned, for he says, "To give you a good idea that the men in the bush can eat, and that they are a healthy crowd, I may mention that the following is a partial list of the supplies that have been sent to the bush: Flour 20 sacks; oatmeal, 500 lbs.; cornmeal, 500 lbs.; 20 bags of potatoes; beans, 300 lbs.; split peas, rice and barley, 100 lbs. of each; tea, 60 lbs.; meat, 1,000 lbs.; vegetables, butter, lard and oil on ad lib, and for the horses, tons of hay, and a huge quantity of oats and bran.



Reminiscences.

WEN I went to Glasgow in July, 1892, my brother (now Staff-Capt. Ellis) had charge of the Light Brigade work in Scotland. We used such a busy family; my brother making journeys all over Scotland making Agents, and talking up the Social work in clubs, drawing-rooms, and wherever he could get a meeting and a hearing; we at home were always receiving G. B. M. boxes from Headquarters and filling orders to all parts of Scotland, receiving and answering letters, checking lodgers, etc., etc., often working till long past midnight.

I Felt Greatly in Love

and nothing pleased me better than to go about the city collecting boxes. Any one who has been in Glasgow will know all about the long closes and winding stone stair cases in the houses, so different from our Canadian homes. And the dear Scotch people were so kind, to many hours of a cup of tea by the way of refreshment, and the practical invitation to take "a wee dram" here.

I remember once getting such an agreeable surprise on opening a box, which at first sight apparently contained only earthings, to find a half-sovereign in gold. I do wish we could find some of them in our boxes of cents in Canada. Dear reader, take the hint and give some of us poor men the surprise some day. It would be just love.

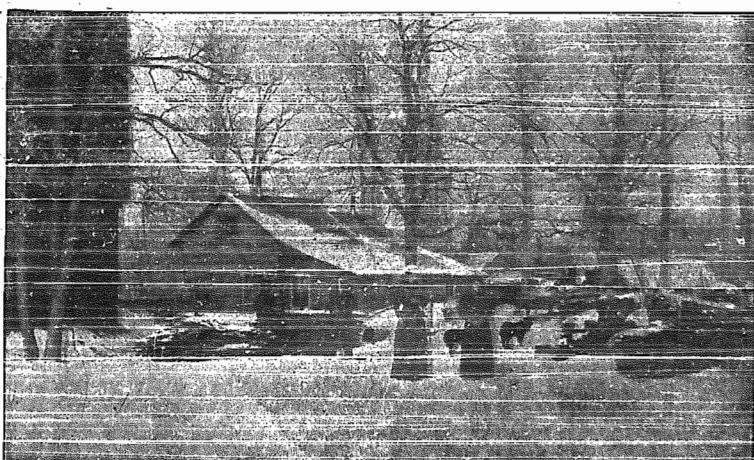
One day having occasion to go out to make some purchases for dinner, I took three or four boxes with me and readily placed one box in the butcher's shop, one in the dairy, and one in the Post Office. Soon after that I wrote a little piece about the G. B. M. boxes for the Social Gazette, and speaking of what a blessing the money got in this way was to many hungry and suffering ones, I received a few days afterwards

A Letter from a Poor Man

who was in very direstrive circumstances. He had read my report, and thought I might be able to help him.

It was the same old story, alack! of thousands. NO WORK, FAMILY STARVATION, SICKNESS, etc., etc. I thought, "What shall I do?" Not being in a position to help him very much financially, but God's ways are wonderful, and help for the poor man was coming just then across the Atlantic Ocean, and I didn't know it. A friend of mine—L. A. B. the "Pacific Coast Army Woman"—was then on her way from New York, and in a day or two arrived in Glasgow. She readily came to my help, and together we went to Govan, visited the family, and helped them then as well as afterwards. To God be all the praise. I am determined to do all I can to push the Light Brigade work in Charlottetown. P. E. I.

Ensign Bale in addition to being book-keeper of the Property and Finance Department, bandmaster of the Headquarters staff band, Script-Major and bandman of the drum corps, and accepted the position of Local Agent for the Headquarters, and at the end of the last quarter might have been seen making his way from one office to another, receiving the sum of \$35. This, the Ensign assures me, will rise to \$20 for the next quarter.



FARMSTEAD AND WINTER SCENE.

Residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. Barker, Dauphin, Alberta.

COLOSSAL CONCLUSION OF THE GENERAL'S EASTERN CAMPAIGN

Mightiest Meetings in the Annals of the Army in the Territory.

HUGE CROWDS—NEARLY TWO HUNDRED PENITENTS

—IMMENSE ENTHUSIASM.

INTRODUCTION.

THE GENERAL absorbs our thoughts, stirs to their depths, our nature, and fills our horizon. We will not be misunderstood, we are sure, by saying that for the moment, we see no one else in Toronto but the General, and bear no one else's voice save his. This is his third visit to our country since the order was given—sixteen years ago—to fix the standard of a Blood-and-fire religion in the Dominion.

The event to us is of extreme importance: to Canada one that will impress and influence its religious life for years to come. We point to the remarkable attendance of our leading statesmen and ministers to bear this out. We know of no religious teacher or reformer who has so graciously received the approval and favor of such an array of philanthropic, political and religious talent and authority, as has our great and honored General.

The General comes at a moment when we are enabled to encourage him, and he to encourage us. The Army's position in the Territory is to-day surer than it has ever been—there is more intelligent grasp of foundation principle by its soldiery. The principles which determine the strength and permanence of a movement are better applied. These are organization, system, wise methods, inspection and authority. The record of work done, and results achieved, which our Commissioner has submitted to the General, more than support these statements. We need not go into particular. In every respect the Army is stronger, holier and bigger. Were it otherwise, we should say so, but there it is—a blessed, inspiring fact, and we ascribe, with all our hearts, the honor and glory to God.

We also acknowledge it is fitting at this hour that we should recognize the services of those who have contributed to this result. Our former leaders, by their untiring energy, uncompromising devotion to principle and love for the souls of the people, left our beloved Commissioner with a heritage of moral and spiritual power, that she has employed with a success which only those of us acquainted with the difficulties of a war like ours can rightly estimate.

Her character as a lover of souls has done the rest. For undoubtedly the great outstanding fact in the recent history of the Army in Canada is the able and successful leadership of Field Commissioner Miss Booth. She has demolished prejudices. She has converted enemies into friends. She has revived the sympathy and added to the numbers of our friends. She has lived for and loved the Staff and Field Officers. She has set the Field an example of daring Salvationism. She has done it—not for temporary gain—but with her eyes fixed upon still further perfecting the Army to deal more successfully with the careless thousands of the Territory, and more effently raise the sunken wrecks of our community.

When daughter faced father in the Massey Hall the other night, and the officer submitted herself to her General in words that will be cherished by the next generation of Salvationists—"For myself, I am God's; I am yours, and I am the Salvation Army's to the end"—the climax to a long period of uphill and successful scaling of another height in our warfare here, was reached. The seal of Divine and human approval was placed upon a great work.

war. The Soldiers' gathering on Saturday night prepared the way for the overwhelming triumph next day, while the General's remarkable address on the Social Scheme of the Army put the final seal upon what has proved to be, as we expected from the first, a Campaign that will leave behind it results that will multiply with increasing years, memories that will continue the achievement, and may a brand forever on the field of battle, supply ammunition to the armory of the staff, and widen the Army's influence all over the Territory, thereby extending and strengthening the Kingdom of God on the earth.

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MASSEY HALL RECEPTION MEETING

SIBERIAN WEATHER has become quite common in the North. The most "farthest North" and gold was discovered at Klondyke, but its popularity alone would hardly have guaranteed the persistency of the huge



MON. A. S. HARDY, Premier of Ontario.

Who presided at the General's Reception Meeting in the Massey Hall.

But a vast continent of work remains untouched. Our tribute is to what has been done; not to what has still to be taken in hand.

And our beloved General is here to tell us how to do it. He comes to us with the ripe experience of his great heart and his great mind, and the practical knowledge acquired by the Army on its world-wide battle-field, and places himself at our disposal in the spirit of a servant and apostle of the Lord. Great is our responsibility, but we shall rise to it. The events that have gathered around the General's progress through Canada convinced us that everything is ready for a distinct advance in every branch of our service for God.

We must leave the events of the week to speak for themselves. The reception of the General was in every way worthy of the city in every department of its civic, religious and philanthropic life. The General's acknowledgement of the Field Commissioner's address touched the Dominion, for it was no local or Provincial occasion. The event rose to the high level of a national inspiration. The Field Officers' Council marked a new era in the evolution progress of the

crowd who pressed their way through the blustering elements last Thursday morning. Hurricanes of biting blast drove blinding powder of frozen snow into the air, slipped and faltered ground afforded a foothold for the feet, but the crowd above referred to gathered notwithstanding all and did not disperse until two hours had passed—much of the time intervening being passed in the open. The lodestar which held them there was the general arrival of the General. The large hall of the Union was soon formed into a reception room—where throngs of Salvationists from most parts of the Territory exchanged cordially greetings and war news. The train which was to bring the General into their midst was timed to arrive at one o'clock, but the heavy snowfall made without reference to the time of the snow-removal which delayed it a solid hour. Nor was this all—the engine first was blown out by the almost blizzard the wind and fresh power having to be dispatched from Toronto to be occasioned a hindrance of about another.

"Uniform only this day," the unfamiliar and non-Salvationists came from the lips of a salver official, the passport an Army ticket was the entrance ticket to the trains. Through the courtesy of the authorities some hundred were thus admitted to pass to the platforms. It was down here that the more or less impatient crowd waited, here too were heard groans and wonder.

alarms that "the General" was coming, and here at last that the General welcomed under a blessed welcome on the platform. Anticipation had increased by the long waiting and it was through a highly-excited throng that the General passed with the Field Commissioner on his arm, and to the melody of the Staff Band, and the strain entered his carriage. Then the fervor of the audience became human to move onix to revive again with increased vigor and fervor at the Massey Hall that night.

The reception meeting was a brilliant expression of Salvation and citizen welcome. Considering the counter engagements in the city that night the crowd was a great one for the General said, "We had a political meeting, the weather and the devil against us."

The platform was a striking one. Many of Toronto's master minds in social and religious life vied with the galaxy of Army element present to manifest their joy, pride, and appreciation. From the Hon. A. S. Hardy, who expressed himself honored to fill the chair on such an occasion, to the irreducible Chieftain of the Army, who brought himself into prominence by involuntary shouts of delight, there was wide-spread endeavor to show the General something of the gratification, deep and warm, which his presence brought. The Premier's welcome on behalf of the Provincial Government was tersa and to the point.

Dr. Poole, as representing the Ministerial Association, spoke in fervid and eloquent language of the General. He said, "We welcome to-night one of the most remarkable men of the 19th century. When the history of this is written, the name of the distinguished guest of this evening will hold a distinguished place." His hearty generous remarks won for the Dr. even a warm place that he already holds as a staunch Army friend.

The Mayor being unavoidably prevented from presenting the Municipal welcome in person, was represented by Ald. ynd.

A spontaneous burst of applause and Section greeted the Field Commissioner as she rose to read an address from the Territory's wife. The address was well given, but, however, elsewhere in his issue, was a strong and beautiful declaration of the love and loyalty of this territorial Division of the Army's General conclusion, "As for myself, I am God's, I am your's, and I am the Salvation Army's to the very end," was inspired, and induced tremendous cheering. The event of the evening arrived. The General, after the space of three years, again faced a Massey Hall audience. Eager glee fastened itself upon his tall form unbending in vigor and his face unfaltering in rroce. The General's glance of penetration scanned faces of whole-souled interest and attention, while hundreds were marked by special affection for the veterans spoken. The soldiers, however, had to be thanked the audience for a hearty reception, captivated. "I can," said the General, "only pay back into your own hearts, the blessings you have wished me."

His speech which was partly retrospective and partly prospective, afforded in its trenchant reasoning, its pointed illustrations, and forcible truth, an insight into the origin and future of the Salvation Army, as informed the most ignorant and added to the understanding of the most enlightened on Army topics. The sympathetic friend, the calculating critic, and the enthusiastic Salvationist all carried away food for thought and edification. The group of semi-educated individuals and decompositions who filled the platform's East wing were little less demonstrative in their enthusiasm than the vermillion-clad bandmen of the Staff who composed the West side. The conviction—wielded arguments with which the General's general salvation, and how the Salvation Army would shoulder its share, were received by such humorous sparkle as brought laughter to the lips of all who heard them.

The Premier justified the supposition made at the commencement of the meeting to the effect that he was an excellent chairman but his rising, while yet the hall resounded with hearty applause, at the General's speech, was a very effective appeal for the collection. He brought his hearers to put their hands deep into their pockets and bring out the very last dollar.

"The Hon. A. S. Hardy is fine exertor," quoth Dr. Poole, "we want him in the Methodist Church."

"I'll admit him into the Salvation Army," captioned a letter, provoking much laughter and applause.

"Dr. Trapp's proposition of the vote of thanks was so good that we give it word for word:

"It is surely superfluous, after the wonderful torrent of sacred eloquence to which we have listened, that I should say anything in support of this resolution. We rejoice to find that the years have not rotted him of any of his power to move human hearts. The General was, in his early life, a Methodist, but it is abundantly evident that he was predestinated from all eternity to be the General of the Salvation Army, and is doing his diligence to "make his calling and election sure." There are no men on the continent more fitted with faith, we feel it a privilege to look, and to whose voice we would feel it a greater privilege to listen. He has won for himself a unique and imperial place in the religious life of the century. It would not be sacrilegious in me to assert that his work comes nearer that of omnipotence than that of any other man of the age, for he has called into existence out of the unprepossessing material an organization that is moving the world. He has built a bridge across the chasm that lay between the church and the masses, and over it he has led his armies to victory. May the benediction of Heaven rest upon the grand old veteran."

Mr. O. G. Howland suitably seconded the motion, and the meeting, as a whole, was intense in enthusiasm, vivid in interest and glowing with fervour and affection for the General, and prompted feelings of the highest expectation for the further meetings of the General's Campaign.

STAFF AND FIELD COUNCILS.

Friday—Morning

Times of Instruction, Inspiration and Blessing.

THE entrance of the General and Commissioner was greeted with an ovation unequalled in two particulars—its spirituality and heartiness. The beaming smile of our glorious leader was a benediction—his kind expression an inspiration.

A few minutes before the Throne focused the minds and hopes of the three hundred (or more) officers upon the Oliver of those efforts necessary to success in warfares.

The General commenced by giving a few words of congratulation on the accomplishments of the eighteen months since our much-loved Commissioner had assumed the command of this beautiful country. This was followed in the General's own words by a few "pointers" in the form of questions (often the most forcible way of emphasizing an expression)—"Could we congratulate ourselves? On our own heart's experience? On our work? These remarks led to an examination of ourselves—or our accoutrements—or the light of Divine revelation.

Like the apting Officers who move up and down the lines of the troops assembled for the purpose of inspection, the General covered a number of details—elemental features in our warfare—and so pointed out the weakness here—the danger there—the possibilities of another point—until we felt we had had a time of inspiration indeed. Not only this, but gave valuable advice, information, and judgment upon each.

* * * * * Afternoon.

The principles of the Army came in for a short review, and their importance and admirable character pointed out. The General's speech was delivered in a great many ways, as is known all over the world, but perhaps in no wise more so than in his marvelous ability to make solemn and interesting what is the hand of most people would be a dry and uninteresting topic.

The fundamental principle underlying all, must be:

Personal Religion.

Methods must be multiplied and varied. Principles are unchangeable. Methods are the application of the principles.

One of the latest and most successful was the target idea. This must be applied to the spiritual side of things, and will be adopted more universally. What possibilities are there where system, concentrated effort, and the Holy Ghost are combined?

Every one of his points strengthened his heart. His soul was inflamed, his mind enlightened, by the counsel and judgment of our illustrious leader.

OUR WELCOME GREETING
TO
THE GENERAL.

Read by the Field Commissioner at the General's Reception
Meeting in Massey Hall, Toronto.

DEAR GENERAL:

As the Commissioner, when you have been pleased to appoint to the command of this Territory, I am honored this night to voice the feelings of your troops—many thousands strong—of Canada, Newfoundland, and North-West America, and am proud to hear their greetings upon this memorable occasion.

With hearts filled with deepest reverence, and brimming over with affection, we salute you our invincible General. We rejoice to realize that your world-embracing heart carries room for every nation and all peoples, and in whatever tongue we address you, and to us that we hold allegiance to the Union Jack or any other national flag, under the wave of the blood and fire banner of the one Salvation Army we know that you recognize as soldiers of the one field, as your children in the one love—and as diehard and true to the one Lord and Saviour.

I delight to assure you that we are with you in the thick of the battle and the thrill of the strife. From myself, whose trusted officer and devoted child, to the latest soldier in his solitary shanty, our spirits meet yours in this deathless conflict against sin and all its accusers.

From the fisherman's cot of Newfoundland to the pine-clad reaches of the far North-West there arises a shout of sympathy and triumph. From the ice-locked coasts of Labrador and the snow-bound gold-fields of Alaska—from the copper-colored bowls of the earth and the lily-fields of Bermuda, your soldiers, General, lift the song of congealing grace and contend for the salvation of others. From the canons of Montana and the glacier-glided valleys of British Columbia—from Idaho's lonely mountains and around the roar of Niagara's mighty waters your people are following in your footprints. In fact, General, from mountain rock and sweeping plain—from foaming torrent, and chasm, and cliff—from the gold-diggings of the Klondyke—from the orchards of the East and the forests of the West—from heated city and quiet homestead—we hail the power of Jesus' Name and are stretching forth our hands fearlessly, definitely and desperately to snatch poor souls from hell.

General, we further desire to assure you of our desire to be loyal to you, to you, as our leader, and the world-wide aims of this great army. Other countries may boast larger populations and more numerous opportunities, but I have every reason to believe that you have no more loyal troops than those whom I represent here to-night. They have proved themselves up to the hilt—by endurance in adversity, unswerving steadfastness through misrepresentation, faithful service despite slander and opposition, and stand to-night but the stronger for the storms with hearts charged with love towards God and all men.

Loyalty is no mere sentiment with us—it is a sacred principle which recognizes the head and spirits in the fact of Generalship in you as our Commander-in-Chief, in the authority of your officers, and in the execution of the discipline of Order and Regulations throughout the ranks.

We are Canadians, proud of our traditions, full of love and holy ambition for our country's future, yet proud are we of that spirit which makes us first followers of the Bleeding Lamb, ready at any moment as the word of command to go anywhere for the good of all nations, peoples and tongues.

We also have desire to emphasize by word that which we hope our lives have already spoken—our love for the bodies and souls of the people. This has held us to our post in the hour of sore temptation, and inspired and sustained us, in ten thousand battles with the stubborn resistance of the sinner, and in the difficult task of making a fighting, daring, conquering army. Our soldiers and leaders have held us up and led us on! And such love, by Calvary given, has been by Calvary crowned, giving victory to our respective efforts all over the land of the Territory, in our efforts for the amelioration and deliverance of men and our sister humanity, casting with success the ever-victorious arm of the Holy Spirit, and spreading the gospel of the Kingdom, and the way by that same spirit which has cheered us on, and led us on, and converted us all into noble and practical example. We love you, General, we will follow you—we want to be all that you would have us, to help you fulfil the desire of your heart and win the world for God.

We desire, dear General, that you convey to our comrades on the other side of the Canadian frontier our love and affectionate greetings, and to the Chief-of-Staff, and to the international Headquarters our wishes of direction, ability and efficiency. For myself, General, I am God's, I am yours, I am the Army's to the very end.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,

Territorial Commissioner.

Evening.

The Lippincott barracks was nearly filled with officers whose appetite, whetted by the previous sessions, looked forward to a spiritual feast at the night meeting. Were we disappointed? The interest of the audience was intense, and the discussion of the matter—the Christian story of the first martyr of the Christian Church was never so thrilling to us as it was at this night session, and dealt with in the General's own forcible style. What a mighty force there is in the life of the man who can and does believe in God, and believes in himself. This was his strength with the test came.

A Glorious Trinity.

FULL of power. FULL of faith.

The close of the first day's council marked another spiritual landmark in the history of nearly every heart in that hallowed assembly, the issue of which cannot fail to manifest itself in mighty practical results in our future efforts for God and for His war.

SOLDIERS MEETING.

THE General's Business—White-Hot Truth—Glorious Results.

FROM all parts of Ontario the comrades came eager to avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing their beloved and God-honored leader.

A stranger to the city could not help but enquire the meaning of the number of Salvationists who, in groups, could be seen wending their way Templewards. They were principally soldiers, and this was to be their very own night.

The body of the large hall was well nigh filled with a busy, bright-faced, eager—expectant crowd.

Commissioner Neel gave out the opening song, "Oh, Thou God of every nation," the Headquarters Staff Band struck up the old tune "Calcutta," and the meeting started in earnest. But the General had not yet appeared.

After prayer had been offered the crowd was thrilled with the words "Everybody stand," and we all knew what to do. At the rear had swung open and there appeared the familiar form of the General accompanied by the Field Commissioner. What a roar of welcome went up from nearly a thousand throats. Again and again the song was sung, the band playing, drums beating, tambour clapping, handkerchiefs waving, all speaking the same language and loyal welcome accorded their General.

Colonel Lawley sang, as only he can, one of his own heart-stirring solo, and then the General sprang to his feet with "Now, Then, to Business!"

All who know him can understand what his business is.

"I want us to have a good time. I call a meeting a good meeting when soldiers are blessed and stirred and set on fire, when they are converted and backsliders are restored. ... my Lord, give us a good meeting!" ("Amen," said hundreds of hollering hearts.)

The truth came from the General's lips white-hot. No mincing the meaning, no avoiding the keen, penetrating shafts as they struck home here and there.

The standard of holiness, the true heart religion was set up again, and all had to measure themselves by it whether they would or not.

Like one of the old-time prophets, the General proceeded, now pleading, now exhorting, now tearing away all covering of excuses and exposing the naked souls and wounded of the many souls present. But if the spirit of God was there to convict the world was there to hear.

The evidence of the Spirit's mighty working in that meeting was seen as the prayer meeting was started, and one after another volunteered to the penitent form. Presently there was a lull—things seemed hard—and we knew that many were deeply troubled, but still, but still. But prayer and faith brought down still more, and then the break, in ones, twos, and sometimes threes they came until forty three men and women had sought God, and the meeting closed, everybody tired but happy. The General was cheered and God was glorified.

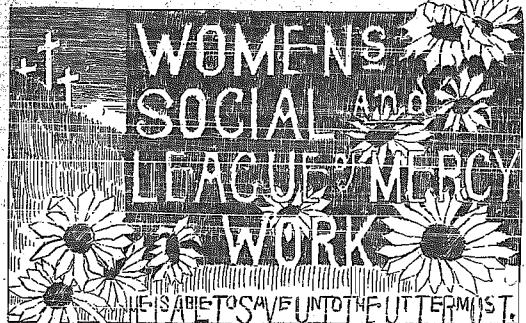
SUNDAY MORNING.

God's Remedy for the World's Woes—General on Fire—Victory!

THE GENERAL, in giving out a song commended everyone to think the meaning of the words in their hearts. For example, when singing out the first song where the words occur, "Jesus although I may not understand," the General stopped and cried, "Salvation is—not by Reason, but by Faith." It was hard to accept over the strident crowd that has turned out to the Salvation Army meeting in the big Massey Hall on Sunday morning. The General had focussed the sharp-cutting truth down to the dullest understanding, and made it equally galling to the indifferent and doctrinaire. I repeat to them, I repeat to the truth of the words such as it related to man's sins, their past lives and their present experiences. This took three minutes.

The great audience were meantime

(continued on page 12, col. 4)



INASMUCH as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, I ye did it unto Me.—Matt.

The devotion rendered by the tongue of Mercy to the sinful and suffering is a service rendered as "unto Him."

This beautiful spirit actuates the efforts made by them in their noble work,

hope to make the most of the chance afforded us.

The sister in charge of our League of Mercy work is in the Milwaukee City prison.

"It is a long time since the League of Mercy in Kingston had a report in the War Cry, but the work is going forward and we have had some blessed conversations. One was a lady sick in the hospital last Spring. She went home in darkness of soul, but the spirit of God followed her and the day before the Lord's sisters came, as she thought of the way, peace came to her soul. A few days ago she returned to the hospital to look for the one God had used in her conversion.

"There are a number more in each institution. Some have got saved and are living for God. We expect the conversion of our leader, Mrs. Brigadier. We are united for God and souls.

"A. Countryman.

"P. S.—Mrs. Downey and myself have been to the Police Court three mornings, and have charge of two children."

The meetings in the Kingston Penitentiary have been fruitful of much good.

Adj't. Byers, in writing of a service held in that prison some time ago, sends a song written by one of the prisoners. We quote from it:

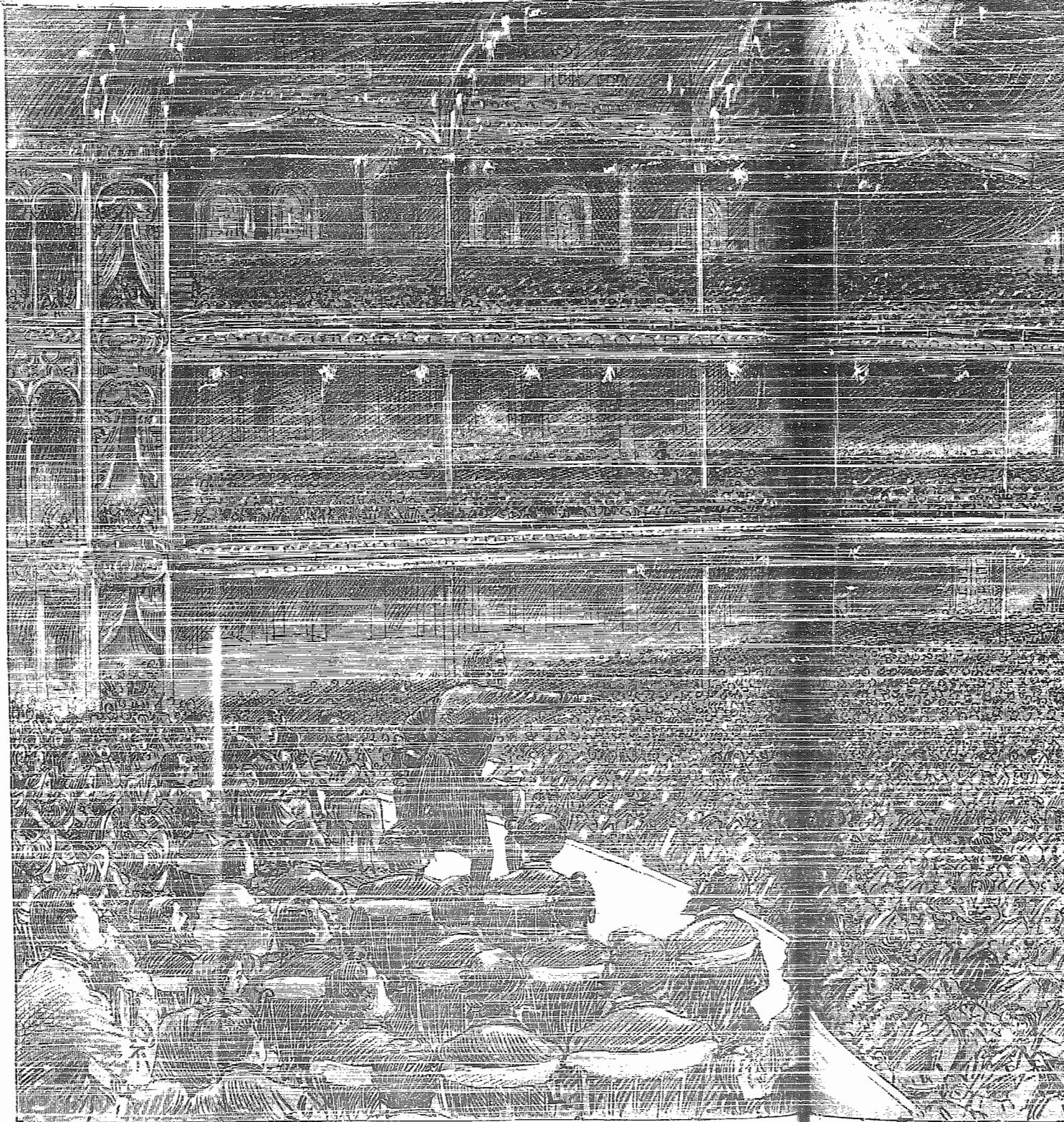
Free to yonder Crimson Tide,
Gushing from the Savio's side,
Where you may never abide,
And taste not joy or sigh.

Free for thine is ebbing fast,
Your days of hope are running past,
This day may be your best and last,
Then now no more delay.

Oh sinner, come, and weeping fall
Down where grace is free for all;
Let with thy heart thy Saviour's call,
And with thine all about for joy.

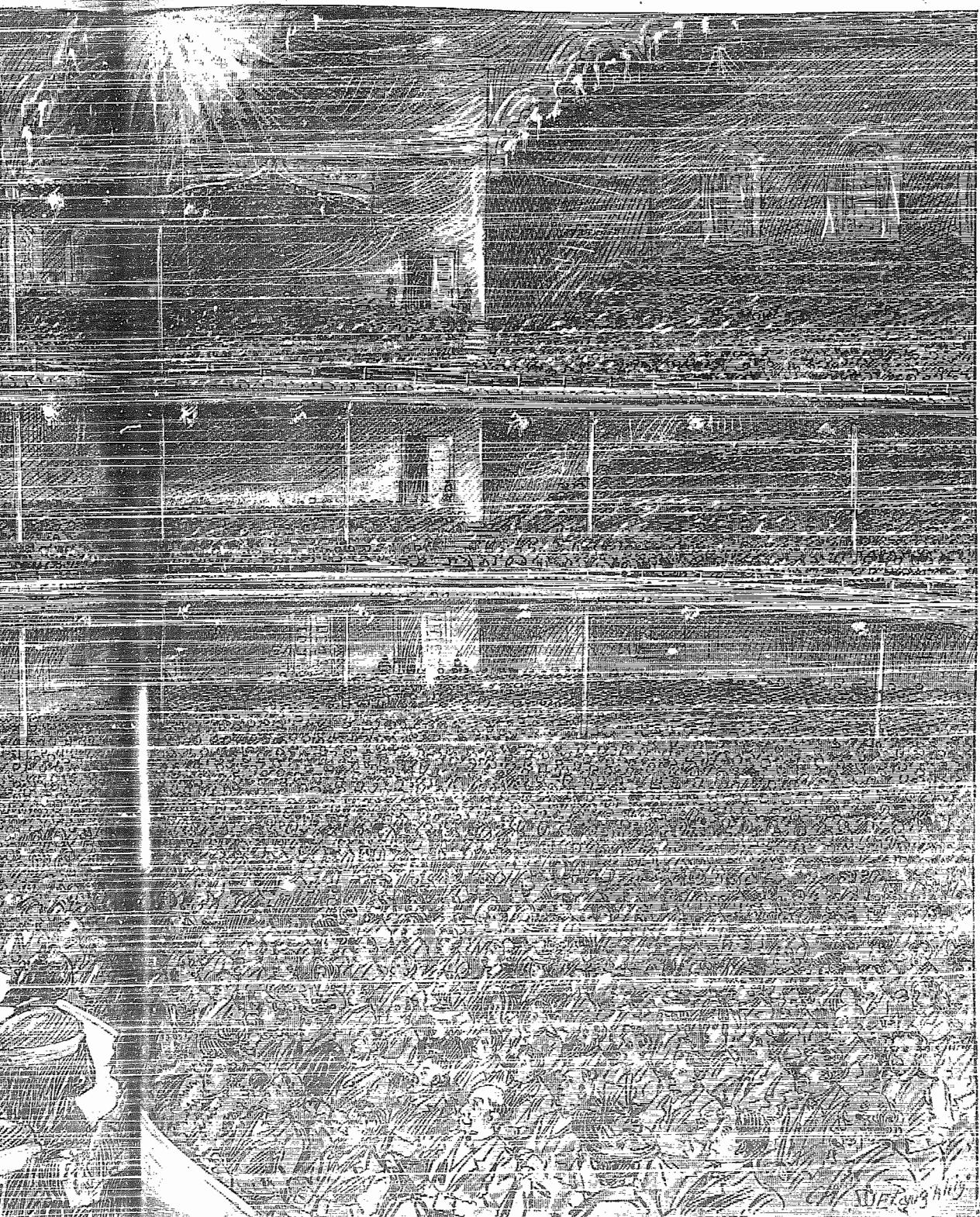
Come, and now begin to live,
Come, and now free grace receive,
Now no more your Saviour grieve,
But praise your tongue employ.

Then now no more delay.



THE GENERAL ADDRESSING HIS AUDIENCE IN THE MASSEY HALL

"The Trump of Doom may sound before the sun doth rise, and then this cloud of wrath will burst on you, and your SINS will be your JUDGMENT! You won't want devils to torment, or fire



HIS AUDITION IN THE MASSEY HALL ON SUNDAY.

...to burn, and blackness of darkness! Your sins, your sins, YOUR SINS, YOUR SINS,



Kington—Souls have been saved, and many are pressing after a clean heart. Yours faithfully—W. H. Ensign.

St. Albans, Vt.—We have had an enrollment of five recruits this week, also two souls have sought and found the bavour.—C. Stalzer, Ensign.

Guelph—Splendid crowds. The power of the Holy Ghost felt in the meetings. Comrades rejoicing over two souls won for God on Sunday.—Jennie Soile.

Dillon, Mont.—We have had Brigadier Howell and Adj't. Hay with his photograph. We had a crowded house and a good time. To God we give the glory. One soldier enrolled.

Livingston, Mont.—We are praising God for the way in which He helps us right. Fine meetings have had good meetings and God is helping us deal straight with the people. Yours in the fight.—M. A. Wade, Ensign.

Forage—We are still marching on. God has honored our faithfulness by granting us souls for His Kingdom. Four precious souls have sought salvation since last report and many more are almost persuaded. We are praying they soon will be fully persuaded.—Capt. Baxter.

Burlington, Vt.—Friday night, splendid meeting. Rev. Mr. Rowe, of the M. E. Church, present and gave us a few words of cheer. Sunday night, number of Christians to help. One soul was won to salvation. War Cry sold out. In for victory in Jesus' name.—Capt. II. C. Banks, Lieut. Liddell.

Peterboro—Meetings through the week have been blessed by God. All day Sunday we feel His presence very near. At the close eight souls knelt at the Cross. Praise God. Seven of these were Juniors. Praise God for ever! Jesus is working amongst the children. Hallelujah! Yours rejoicing.—Sergt. May Lang.

Port Hope—Victory is our motto. God is with us in might power. Good meetings. Crowds increasing. Soldiers delighted. Devil defeated. Hallelujah! Four souls since last report. We are looking for our special meetings to end on by Ensign Peers. Yours in the war.—Annie, Reg. or.

Hanah, N. D.—We can now boast of a happy, healthy, happy and cutter to our country for Jesus. We cannot say that we are going ahead with leaps and bounds, but God is blessing and neeps us, and where God's presence is we are sure of real good being done for eternity. Two souls this week. Yours to God at all times.—J. M.

Clinton—The Lord has been blessing us abundantly. Souls are being converted and our own souls blessed. Hallelujah! Foster's Watch Night service was a blessed reward. Mr. Thompson, our pastor, rewarded us with a concert. The band played some beautiful selections, also some solos and duets from the handsmen. Praise God. Yours in the fight.—Ida Bezzo, Reg. Cor.

Brandon, Man.—Good week-end. One for holiness on Friday night. Splendid time. Sunday God was in our midst. Mrs. Major Jester, who is visiting here, was with us in the afternoon and night. She took quite a part in the meetings. We had the day off. Many souls in the fountain in the fountain. Many others were deeply convicted, but would not yield. Yours under the colors.—Triftrout.

Campbellford—We are still moving on. Just had a visit from Major Kerr, Capt. French, the Smith sisters and Sergt-Major Mitchell. Peterboro. Had a good time. It was extremely wet day and the Peterboro party drove thirty-five miles in the rain. God bless them. Our Sunday afternoon and night crowds are increasing.—A. E. W. Coote, and wife.

Winnipeg, S. D.—Through the efforts of those in charge and the men employed, the meetings are very interesting and attractive. We often have visitors from the corps on Rupert St.—Bro. Off. G. B. M. A. and Sis. Pierce were with us and told of God's dealings with them while they were yet sinners, and how he had taken them and made them into a new drunkard's grave. The truth was deeply impressed upon many dark minds, and signs of repentance can be seen. On Sunday last we had two here who felt that life was not worth living and came

to Jesus and sought the forgiving grace of God for the joy of their salvation. Reports from the West Coast bring good news that one soul found Jesus in the meeting led by our general manager, Adj't. Cass, or a recent visit to the Camp. We are bound to conquer through the grace of God—Old Timer.

Vancouver, C. B.—A good day yesterday. To go forward at night. Soldiers took hold well. Victory is ours. Mayor Templeton, who opened the S. A. Club for us last June, passed away very suddenly. Mr. J. F. Gordon, the present Mayor, is a believer in our work and has greatly helped us in every practical way. Yours faithfully—M. Ayer.

Napanee, Ont.—The Heavenly gales have been blowing hard and recently three precious souls have been swept into the crimson current and proved its efficacy to cleanse from sin. Blessed sight in see them going. More are coming. Praise God.

In spite of the extreme cold weather the attendance at meetings is good. Yours for victory.—Ida E. H.

Grafton—We are still having victory. Praise God. Two souls for salvation. One for sanctification. Last Sunday we had a farewell service. Emily, who leaves us for the Garrison, our first Candidate for the work. We miss him, as he is one of the old and tried soldiers of this corps, but the prayer of our hearts is that God will keep him faithful and true, and that some more of our ought-to-be Candidates will soon follow his example. Keep believing.—A. Mitchell, Capt.

A HOWLING SUCCESS.

Missouri, about—We are still in the fight and having victory. Since coming here six souls have taken a definite stand for God. Soldiers and recruits fighting well. Praise the Lord. Had a soul fight last Saturday evening which was a howling success, singing eighty-four choruses twice over and a solo without a stop.—Cadet Cornell, for Lieut. W. E. Prentiss.

Palmerton—Our band, which has been doing good work for the Master of late, gave a few choice selections at our jubilee on Burns' Anniversary. Brother John Gibson, who is a proper Blood-and-Fire lad, came over from Curtiville and enlivened things with the sweet strains from his violin in his usual Scotch manner. It was pronounced by some to be the best jubilee had for some time. Yours in the war.—Scott Cowan, R. C.

Exeter—Since last report several events have occurred. We had a blessed Watch Night service when we gave ourselves afresh to God for victory through the coming year. We took for our corps motto: "God with us." Then we have had a visit from the Marine Band, with a full house and a blessed spiritual time. Last Sunday we had a good day with two out in the holiness meeting seeking from God to go forward.—J. Crawford, Capt. Bitter, Reg. Cor.

Longfellow—I will not weary you with long accounts of beautiful meetings, personal blessings, and grand beliefs for the future, although these exist. But since the last report I note a talking machine, a wedding, and a lecture on "The Bible wife." You have heard the first, received a report of the second, and ought to hear the last. Best of all one soul saved.

Faith, work, and patience go together here. Yours for God and souls.—Lewis E. McCall, Reg. Cor. for Capt. T. H. Hoddinott.

Glen Rae—The Marine Band have come and gone leaving sweet memories behind. The night was dark, the roads bad, yet we had a fair crowd and good meeting. The band is a credit to the Army, musically and spiritually. No bility or skillfulness that savors of spiritual death, but enough of the right kind of both to keep the meeting from being soggy and to make you feel that they are brothers and sisters in all the external interests of all at heart. Come again. God bless you!—Mrs. Col. Lucas.

Liquer St.—"Good-bye, dear Mr. Ligner and comrades," were the words of Capt. and Mrs. Johnston as they farewellled for the United States. God bless them in their new home. If not a greater blessing than those they have been here. They leave many warm-hearted comrades behind. It gladdened their hearts to see five souls farewell from sin and the devil Sunday. Monday night the

officers and soldiers sat down to a nice tea led off by Adj't. Bradley. Had a glorious time. Capt. Johnston's arm should aches for a long time so we must pray for him. God prosper these and give them many souls for their labor.—A. McFarland, Reg. Cor.

Edmonton—We are having victory all along. Had one converted since last report. Look for photo of a group shortly. Yours—H. Krager.

Lindsay—God is working here and the devil is being defeated. After a hard fight on Sunday we captured one soul (an Indian man) for Jesus, who seems to be doing well.

Campbellford—We are still moving on here having the victory. Crowds are better, meetings good, sinners convicted. God using us. Soldiers fighting. We are bound to conquer.—A. E. W. Coote and wife, Capt.

Cornwall—Still fighting on in the strength of Jehovah. Although not seeing as many souls as we would like, we will not be deterred to hold on. Sinners convicted, but will not yield. In the strength of God we shall conquer.—J. S. Sergt-Major Douglas.

Monroeville, II.—Last Sunday Capt. Hill farewelled, after being with us seven months. We were sorry to lose her, but our loss will be someone else's gain. On the night of the farewell meeting one backsider returned to the fold.—A. B.

Guelph—God's presence very much felt in our meetings, but no visible results. Officers and soldiers united for God and souls, sowing the good faithfully and reaping the same. God will soon come, Jesus will answer prayer. Meetings every Monday night have been a blessing and inspiration to many friends as well as soldiers.—Jennie Soile.

Palmerston—"Victory" is our watchword here in Palmerston. Our brass and string bands visited Drayton on Friday night last, and to use the expression of our old and tried friend, Father Bear. "They were remarkable well satisfied with the band which was conducted by Hallelujah! Come up, Captain. Palmerston comrades there are great things in store if you only prove true.—Scott Cowan, R. C.

Seaford—Since coming to Seaford God has been giving us victory. Two souls professed salvation. Good meeting last night (Wednesday). Capt. and Mrs. Lightowler, U. S. officers, gave us a lecture on the work in India. We had a good crowd, good interest, and a good sum to help us in the General's cause. The spiritual probabilities are good.—Captain and Mrs. Stubbs.

Glace Bay—Just returned from the big meetings. Soldiers with themselves delighted with our beloved General, we were all blessed and encouraged as we listened to our noble leader. Good meetings while we were away. Bro. John McPherson to the front. I might say here that our soldiers gave us a fine reception when the alarm clock went off in honor of our arrival. Come bless our Glace Bay braves. Yours to save, bless and help.—L. Penoy, Ensign, A. Bradbury, Capt.

Regina—Praise God. Glad to report we are still marching on to victory. Hallelujah! Had a coffee social. Nice time and good crowd, considering the night which was very rough. Captain Gibbs and Lieut. Collins, who came from the North (Prince Albert) were with us for two meetings. We enjoyed their visit very much. Lieut. Anderson has said good-bye and left for Carberry.

Halifax I.—The salvation wave still continues to roll over guilty souls in our meetings. Souls every night. Sunday night a record broken, there being twenty-two souls at the Mercy seat. Hallelujah! Great conviction in the meetings. We are believing for many more souls in the fountain of Jesus' blood. May the Lord bless the new converts and keep them faithful and true to the end, is our prayer. Ourselfs believe in the word of our upholders. Of course we are equals, we stand all right as usual. With faith and prayer, and work and grit, and go, and all the rest of it, we will arrive safely with victory on our banner. Praise the Lord.—See Casbin.

CAPTAIN A. NORMAN.
Ampthill, Ont.

Lieut. Barber has come to help on the war and be a blessing to those in the Lord bless them. Yours, etc.—E. F.

Liverpool, N. E.—We received a telegram of Saturday evening to announce Rev. Mr. Johnson and Capt. D. P. for Tuesday. They arrived O. K. and are in great spirits. God was with them and together we had a good time. The first service in four months. Two recruits enrolled as soldiers. Modern Prodigies soon meeting a success, also auction sale of children. Captain away at the God's Army meeting in Hainan. We've the promise of a Lieutenant to hold out with S. D. and a pair of blankets to keep them warm. Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us and help us out of every difficulty, even in Liverpool.—Dora Parsons.

Whepstone, N. D.—We have had a visit from our D. O., Ensign Thomas, and Lieut. Livingston, who made things interesting during their stay. Five recruits were added to our forces and all gave testimony and evidence of their intentions to fight for God in our cause until they die. God bless them! Lieut. Livingston did good service with his musical abilities. A nice consecration of people greeted them, and we believe eternity will reveal much good accomplished. The fight is hard in general, but God gives us the victory. Our prayers are daily going up for our dear General during his tour through the land. God bless him! Capt. Westcott and wife, and Lieut. Cook.

Temple Corps—Good meetings are the order of the day at the Temple. At the Sunday afternoon meeting testimonies were ready and to the point. Three old folks gave their testimonies to the keeping grace of Jesus, and their united experiences were a blessing to all. The service was over. At the end of 12 years of service. Since think that if we waste your days in sin. At the evening meeting we proved the truth of how right we were to hold the prayer meeting closed for souls were won, and we saw five precious souls kneeling down praying for pardon. Hallelujah! Each one testified that God had, for Christ's sake, pardoned their sins. Glory to God. Sunday two more sought and found salvation. The comrades are determined to fight and conquer sin, and to win souls for Jesus.—Capt. H. C. C.

Keewatin—Sunday was a great day of rejoicing here. Good crowd in the afternoon. Junior crowds going up. At the evening meeting God was with us in mighty power. Before going out on the street, one comrade said he had faith for five souls. So every soldier took hold of his sword, the prayer meeting closed our doors were open, and we saw five precious souls kneeling down praying for pardon. Hallelujah! Each one testified that God had, for Christ's sake, pardoned their sins. Glory to God. Sunday two more sought and found salvation. The comrades are determined to fight and conquer sin, and to win souls for Jesus.—Capt. H. C. Herringham.

HIS CLOTHES FROZEN TO HIS BODY.

Ingerman—Friends, when I was in the devil's service I thought nothing of going to a dance in the early evening, and dance till morning, and then go home with my clothes frozen fast to my body, but now I can dance, and jump, and sing, and shout, and have a fine time, and there is one comrade's testimony, and there is one other. Now we have the Yankee and the Irish. All things are no ways slow. I'd like to tell you what Capt. Dean told me about the War Cry being sold, but guess I better not for fear —. Anyhow, they were scarce articles on Sunday. Best of the best, come good cases of conversion on record.—Rev. Col. M. K.

Halifax I.—The salvation wave still continues to roll over guilty souls in our meetings. Souls every night. Sunday night a record broken, there being twenty-two souls at the Mercy seat. Hallelujah! Great conviction in the meetings. We are believing for many more souls in the fountain of Jesus' blood. May the Lord bless the new converts and keep them faithful and true to the end, is our prayer. Ourselfs believe in the word of our upholders. Of course we are equals, we stand all right as usual. With faith and prayer, and work and grit, and go, and all the rest of it, we will arrive safely with victory on our banner. Praise the Lord.—See Casbin.

REMEMBER OF A MAN AND WOMAN CLAIMING TO BE A MARRIED COUPLE AND TELLING A HORRIFIC STORY OF POVERTY AND DISTRESS, ASKING THE PRIVILEGE OF GIVING A LECTURE IN THE BARRACKS ON "THE INDIAN CAPTIVE," WHICH THE MAN CLAIMS TO BE, THEY ARE IMPOSTERS, AS SOME OFFICERS HAVE PROVED TO THEIR SORROW. THE MAN'S NAME IS ALBERT SMITH, AND CLAIMS TO BE AN ARMY CONVERT.

Clinton. We are in full swing. Last Saturday night we had a ginger bread sale and auction sale of children. Mr. Ward offered the pleasure of this world, his last offer was eternity and hell. Christianity offered salvation through Jesus Christ, his last offer was eternal life with Christ in Heaven. The children then sang, "Our home is in Heaven, there'll be no parting there." Singers are getting converted and we are becoming more. Hallelujah!—Ida Eason, Reg. Cor.

Lisgar St.—The angels in Heaven must have rejoiced with us over our glorious victory. Fourteen souls knelt for salvation, and six more for grace at the wind up of Sunday's meetings. Three renoncements at the holiness meeting. It seemed as though a mighty soul-saving wave had struck Lisgar St. Twenty-one out for knee-drill, although the weather was below zero. God blessed them in their souls and crowned their prayers that day. Lent out for greater victories. The soldiers and sailors went with the Holy Ghost. Capt. White reviled himself by his zeal for souls and the fishermen and women did not rest their nets in vain. Glory to God.—R. McFarland, Reg. Cor.

Hamilton I.—When we heard our old friend AJL Marion was coming to town for a week-end, all were expecting a soul-stirring time. Praise God they were not disappointed. The weather was very unfavorable. Still the crowds and interest were splendid. Saturday evening great Free-and-Easy. Knee-drill a heart-stirring time, and our souls were truly blessed in the holiness meeting. In the morning Capt. White said it was good to be there. Soldiers and Christians having happy. At night the biggest crowd we had for months in the Citadel. The Adjutant faithfully warned the people and our souls came knelt for pardon and rose up partakers of this great salvation. Come again soon. Adjt. Hannah Daniels.

"DON'T DO ANYONE ANY HARM."

Hillsboro, N. D.—The war is on. Since last report about twenty-five souls have sought and found salvation. Hallelujah! The war is on. The soldiers stand up and our barracks won't begin to stand up. At night the barracks was literally packed before march time. We could not get out after we got in, and had to dispense with the march. Three hundred stepped into the light at this meeting, which ended about midnight.

We had two meetings on Monday.

At the one held in the afternoon, one man said he had been a church member

and a professing Christian for twelve years, but had only been saved one day. Five hundred came to the pentecost form at the close.

At 7:30 came what we called the

JAMESTOWN CORPS SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

Wonderful Soul-Saving Season.

The Second Anniversary of the opening of the Jamestown corps was celebrated on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Jan. 25th, 26th and 27th. To try to report these meetings I feel almost afraid, least I should not do them justice. I have been on furlough and spending it here in Ensign Green, who called upon me to lead this anniversary battle. At the soldiers' meeting on Wednesday, the target was set—that is a soul target—was to be the number for the three days. The opening meeting was a blessed one, great liberty prevailed everywhere. A review was taken of the work done in two years, the praise given to God for the same. In connection with this the Adjutant read a portion of Psalm cxxi. A commanding and lone officers formed a part of the programme. This meeting closed about 1 a. m. Sunday, amidst great rejoicing over the

Salvation of Nine Souls.

Amongst the number two husbands knelt side by side with their wives.

I must now detail Sunday's meetings, they were beyond description. A business man of the town, who had been a good friend of the Army, and who had always done his best to help us in every way that he could, came forward in the holiness meeting, and got gloriously converted.

In the afternoon meeting there were as many as seventy-five who testified to the saving grace of God.

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We had two meetings on Monday. At the one held in the afternoon, one man said he had been a church member and a professing Christian for twelve years, but had only been saved one day. Five hundred came to the pentecost form at the close.

At 7:30 came what we called the

"Hallelujah Round-up."

and such it was, finishing up as we did at about 1 o'clock in the morning with thirteen precious souls. We danced, we screamed, we yelled, we clapped, some cried, but more laughed. Captain McGill, who was with us from Mandan, says that he never saw a meeting of such a good deal. Ensign Green, that officer in charge, says that she never saw this kind of a revival before. For a number of these cases she had prayed for nearly nine months—she had for one long year before her. All that we can say is that our God lives to answer prayer. Sister Coombs, of Mandan, who sings for Jesus, has been singing.

Go on, Jamestown comrades, let this year be the best you ever knew. All told the results of your Second Anniversary are as follows: Twenty-seven Soldier for salvation, five Juniors for the same, with four for cleansing. Give to Jesus glory. A. GOODWIN, Adjt.

Peterboro—Praise God for the victories that are being won for our King. There was an "At Home." In the barracks last Monday night. A real nice time was spent. A lot of the furniture and different things were brought for the new officers' quarters to make a nice, bright, cheerful place. Our officers—Ensign Kerr and Capt. French had to work hard to make the quarters nice and comfortable. I was in the other dorm and I said to Ensign that she seemed quite at home. She said, "I feel at home too." We do thank and praise God for all His goodness to us. Sunday afternoon two new recruits were enrolled as soldiers under the yellow, red and blue, and we say God to be with them. We expect to see some more made into Free-and-Easy soldiers very soon. God is on our side and souls are being saved. Praise God—Sergt. May Lang.

Halifax I.—The visit of the Captain, together with Commissioner McLean, Colonel Lawley, Major Pugmire, Staff-Capt. Gage and a host of officers and soldiers from surrounding corps, was an anticipated Soldier's Council held by the General, was the biggest meeting of its kind on record, as far as this corps is concerned. Four hundred souls seeking the Lord for what they feel they are grand times to our souls, and the meetings in the Academy of Music were a great success, baring the big snow storm which raged all day Sunday and hindered many people coming that would otherwise have come. But it was wonderful the ones that did come under such disagreeable circumstances. The General spoke with much power and emotion from on high. About thirty souls at the Cross for the day's flight. We have begun to tell on our beloved but he is still vigorous and full of fire for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. May the Lord continue to bless him and spare him to us for a good many years more, is our prayer.—Ser. Captain

The afternoon free-and-easy meeting was a good time. Two of our latest converts were enrolled beneath the yellow, red and blue. May God ever keep them true.

The night's meeting was a real battle for souls. Never have I seen the power

of Hell at work so hard before. Every effort was put forth in trying to rescue the sinner from the power of evil. The most execrable that they had behind were heard to be uttered. Capt. Gage, Capt. Coombs has been here with us twelve months and many blessed soul saving times we had together. I am sure it is the wish of all that know them that God may pour out a double portion of His spirit upon them wherever they go.—W. J. B.

Capt. Ewercroft and Lieut. Heater are in command of the troops here. God has been rewarding their labors with a good harvest. About two thousand two hundred added to the soldiers' roll. One little boy who got saved walked ten miles to be present at a special meeting in Clinton.

Thursday we found the snow around the lake mostly all gone, so we drove to Clinton and took train for Goderich. Capt. McCutcheon is rejoicing over another great harvest.

Although the work in this place has been hard for some time, God is really giving victory. A beautiful spirit is manifest. Crowds are increasing, and soldiers and officers are believing for still greater victories. In our meeting that night one hundred volunteers from the back of the hall and out for men.

Friday had a go in Clinton. Here, too, God is blessing the work. Mrs. Wakefield has been far from well, but is now gaining strength. The Ensign has just written me stating that five souls got saved on Sunday.

We expect to go to Stratford greatly blessed and encouraged and determined to push the battle to the gates.

Yours in the fight for victory,

ADJT. D. MCAMMOND.

D. O.'S. DOINGS.

Adjt. and Mrs. McAmmond Take a Trip Around the Stratford District.

We have just finished a trip around the District and had a really blessed time.

We left on Tuesday morning for Seaford. Stopped at Mr. and Mrs. Timmins, of Mitchell, for dinner. Arrived in Seaford O. K., and found Capt. and Mrs. Stubbs in good spirits. Had a good meeting also.

Wednesday we drove over to Bayfield.

[Our New Serial.]

AUNTIE WRIGHT

A STORY OF THE SLAVE DAYS.

By MINNIE KENNEDY, War Cry Correspondent.

CHAPTER IV.

First Days on Free Soil—A Temper and Tongue to Match An Original Election Voter.

CARPENTER'S BENCH stands just outside of a cabin, where I found their first night's lodging in a free country. Though it was early in September, the night was warm and the thick shavings under the bench were a splendid resting place.

Bright and early they were astir next morning, and before they had decided where to go, they were hailed by a gentleman who proved indeed the good Samaritan to Auntie Hattie and her husband. Enquiring their circumstances and their need, he took the pair home to his wife, whose sympathies were quickly aroused, and a good breakfast was quickly prepared.

Real friends were these.

First Canadian Acquaintances, providing the fugitives with a room and the few simple requirements to commence housekeeping, also securing steady work for the husband.

It was while here that Auntie Hattie began to attend religious services and thought much of what she heard was far beyond her comprehension and understanding, yet she had thought that all she misheard was her liberty and life.

Was she not? Yes, and no! Free, as far as those around could see, yet daily she found herself bound tighter, until deeper into a slavery far more bitter and cruel than ever known in the old Southern days—the slavery of sin and an evil head.

Then descended now to have absolute control of their wretched victim, and for years she was lashed and hurried on and down by their power. A most violent temper had ever been a useless weapon to remember from her early days. We might add that Hattie possessed a tongue to match.

Woe betide the one who dared to sneer at, or taunt Auntie Hattie of her color—

"Dear White Trash!"

I'll teach 'm dero manning!!! And she did it too, in a most sympathetic way!!!

The first chaser down hill with a club, who was a little snarver, "I'll hit 'em on his like a streak ab' lightning," hit him jus' on his neck-dat naked him," says Auntie.

Dangerous ground indeed was being trod by the one who dared to sneer at her expense. While the

Dark Eyes Flashed Fire,

the tables were turned, and the joicer

usually wished he had been somewhere else about that time.

She did not care much about the events connected with her husband's death, her own second marriage, and removal to Ingersoll. We have always known her as "Auntie Wright," or "Aunt Hattie," but she has told us with a little ring of contempt in her voice that "Dat' ere last man ob mine we'n't ob count nuch. I jes' had to work to keep him." By and by she went off and left her (to her undivided satisfaction) to fight life's battles alone.

Not often would she take much liquor—but she tells us, when working out, one day she indulged in cake and wine on the quiet; till, when she undertook to go home she thought all the street was going too!

Fight! I should think! Like a tiger, when her temper was up, and it was always save to her.

Give Her Plenty of Room.

But now-a-days we never hear of such a thing, for Auntie is saved now, all the same she won't be "run over" now, as she terms it.

"Dere" one day in the year I ken do bese finest cab in town, to 'ko out drivin'."

"Oh, and when is that?"

"Why, on election day. Do dese come drivin' up yero and says, 'Auntie, come for a drive to-day.' 'Where to,' says I. I smells a rat. 'Oh, come down and vote,' says he."

"And who did you vote for, Auntie?" we questioned.

"Oh,

I Voted for Dem Ali.

an' I knew I'd get some ob dem fur sho,'" replies Auntie.

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CHAPTER VII.

An Encounter with the Devil—How the Light Came in God's Scholar—Auntie Joins the Army.

All this time poor Auntie found no relief from her soul-slavery, and when God's spirit took hold of her, she thought she was going to die. She became most miserable and could neither eat nor sleep. "Do bery bad would er be! Unworthy untrusty!" Her mind became so wrought upon that she fancied Christian people were evil spirits come to torment her.

Azam and again did she try to pray, but in vain. She was held fast by the devil, a captive at his will. One day she got so bad that she felt she must have help. Calling a neighbor, she cried out,

"I'm m-Dyin' Shol!"

The neighbor was called, and though Hattie called him a devil, and entreated him to leave her alone, he prayed for her salvation. He knew where the devil was. "His words seemed like knives a-cuttin'

They are there hanging over you like a thick thunder cloud, and the trumpet of doom may sound before the sun rises, and then this cloud of wrath will burst on you and sweep you away. **REDEMPTION!** You want desots to torment, or free to the world and blackness of darkness! Your sin, YOUR SINS, YOUR sin, the memory of your sins, the secret guilt of your sins, will be enough! "Here they are, here they are, here," says God. "I have got the sponge dipped in the blood of My Son, which will wash off every one." **ONE; (VOLUME)** "I will blot them out for ever!"

Perhaps there is nothing so noble in the sight of God—certainly there is no such a fascinating man as a Salvationist. He is the son of a strong man, and the ancestor of his conscience, and the master of a thousand years of eyes, leaving his mark of his own accord, rushing down the aisle to the Mercy Seat, was such an image of the Divine conquering the human being.

This was the response to Colonel Lawrence's appeal for "the first." He was at once followed by a prophet of infinite power, the woman, who it afterwards developed to be the mother of two staff officers, who could be cleansed from sin through and through. She was joined by a man, and the fourth was a bandman of the Peterboro corps, an ex-officer whose reputation is precious to many on the western field. He literally fell at the feet of a general passed through the staff, and dear old Major, who bent his feet close to him, and drew his feet towards him, and wept with him. I wish every ex-officer in the country could have seen it. It is a lie of hell that the Army and its leaders give ex-officers the cold shoulder. Within the sacred circle of our pentecostal we are prepared to receive back to our bosoms those who have not only left our fold, but into the sacred shrine of our hearts. Come back, comrades, back!

The prayer meeting, which was continued until nearly one o'clock, was full of the believing spirit, and reflected much upon whosoever was directly responsible for organizing that gathering. Since the General's arrival, a strike out with each other in dealing with the spiritually sick and wounded, and when the total number—seventeen—was heralded from the platform in a storm of hallelujahs, the joy of the Toronto soldiers was contagious. They talked of the meeting in groups, compared it with others, and looked at it as a new high temperature of salvation. It reached the highest standard on record. To God he eternal and everlasting praise.

THE AFTERNOON MEETING.

SEVERAL TERRIBLE MOMENTS IN THE LIVES OF HUNDREDS OF SOULS.

Onsets have been in Toronto on a Sunday afternoon—Tuesday, Fall at the Hasty Seat—Nearly all in tears.

"Jesus, the name high over all, in hell or earth or sky, Angels and men before His fall, and ever fair and fly."

It was the song with which the afternoon meeting in the Massey began. The hall was crowded in every corner, and when the doors were closed at 2.10 several came up only to be disappointed. The majority present belonged to the church-going classes, and the great scores of ministers. On the platform stood that wondrous Eva, General, Messrs. Crozier and Hunter, Ross and Scott, and a minister who at one time was an officer in the Salvation Army. In the upper gallery there were many of "our class," if we may say so, that don't take religion seriously, and to church "just once in a while." Two hundred and twenty were drummed better for them to be under the eye of an Army Captain than that of a policeman. As a spectacle many declared that nothing like it had been seen in the city for a year. The Star Band, the scarlet uniform, in the dress circle, as well as in the gallery, the ladies, and the women the right wing of the orchestra, and looking down the vast field of human beings on the area, to the towering galleries dense with people, and expectant multitude, all added to the strange solemnity of the occasion—when held our hearts in our bosoms. What a sight! What a sight for these people? Had they not come out through curiosity to see and hear General? Did they have any idea every rule of up-to-date sensationalism would be discarded and the opportunity seized to attack their con-

sciences? These and a brood of other questions came thick and fast upon us, and we believe that with the opening song, "Jesus, the name, every soldier will sing, the name, the name, great and signal victory." And God answered the prayer. We have had nothing like it of the kind in the history of the Salvation Army in Canada. A sketch of the truth, do you say? Well, contrasted with the former meetings of the General, and on the authority of the oldest officers present, this is the only way by which we can express the overwhelming significance of the General's address. The military charge from the platform, the cavalry rush on the enemy, the bayonet attack of individuals, and the twenty prisoners at the finish.

The writer has seen the General on many a battlefield, and seen him face an infidel audience on a European continent, a mass gathering of high-class Hindus, seen him rouse an Australian congregation to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and seen him surrounded by whole battalions of consecrated soldiers, charge a London mob, with the malice of sullen Sapphira, AND DO SO, PLEASE NOTE, WITH THE APPARENT ASSENT OF ALL CONCERNED, Hunter, the Evangelist, frankly admitted to a salvationist next day that "he had never heard anything like it."

The General's sermon was charged as by a heavenly electricity. From the first the people were struck by the truth. Here is a specimen of what the General began with:

"I gave an excellent address this morning. (Laughter.) It was worth hearing; I wish you had been here. It was excellent because it was simple, it was excellent because the people could understand it, because the people felt it and because it

Brought Men and Women to Their Senses and to the feet of Jesus Christ. It was an excellent address. There is no credit to me, nothing about it in human parts or merits to boast of; what power have I have to influence from on high. People say to me sometimes, "General, you get us up every day, and I say, 'No, I don't get you up; Almighty has set me up.' He has made me a prophet. I have not made myself one. I accepted the call, and if you will accept the call you do not know what God will make of you. He will make you a monument of His mercy, and make you a blessing wherever you go. If you do not accept the call He will you knock.

A Monument of His Justice.

He will either glorify Himself in your salvation or He will glorify Himself in your eternal damnation. One or the other is not going to be mocked, as some people think they can mock Him. Some people think they can mock Him. Some people think they can mock Him with God as a cat plays with a mouse; and they can pick Him up and let Him go when they please.

"They can't do that, but most so when He says, 'Get you,' or 'Get you off me.' On Sabbath, the 6th of February, 1888, He called you, and you refused Him. "I stretched out my arm and ya regarded it not; it is too late now, it is too late now." Now this salvation business is a solemn business, and I want to go into it this afternoon in a solemn way.

"With language convey more fittingly and powerfully an appeal for a just consideration of the things of God?

Then he went on—the audience riveted upon the platform as if it were a Throne of Judgment from which they expected to hear their doom.

In scathing terms he denounced the tendency of the part of easy-going Christians to relax their efforts and not live up to their consecration vows.

Such could not be done with impunity, he declared; to withhold from God any part of the vow was to withhold part of the price. There were men and women no doubt up and down that platform who have gone back on their oaths, and taken back part of the price, or all the price, for that generally means all. If I had time, said the General, I would write it upon the memory in letters of flame, that it is just as wicked to lie to God as to men; just as wicked to tell lies to the Almighty, to promise one thing and perform another.

"I am dealing with your God; as it is with me, with your fellowmen. There are men and women here in thousands who, if they made a promise to me in their business and said we will buy certain stuff from you and give you a certain price for it, we would respect the debt, whether the other fellow or not.

"Say this, "Have you a written agreement?" and they say "No, my word is my bond; I am a Canadian, and you can trust me in business, whether you know it in writing or not." If I did not keep my word I would be a liar and

would be branded as such in the market. Yet some men and women here have promised God at some time or other what they will do for Him, and again and again and again, and they have gone back on their promise. They lie to the Almighty and they are not fit for it. It is a very serious business, and there is going to be a day—*the day*—when that book will be opened there out of which men will be judged, and that book is the record of broken vows, which will contain a list of vow-breakers. How

THE WORLD IS BEING SWARMED WITH BACKSLIDERS.

I look upon that deluge that comes sweeping over the world three or four thousand years ago as being brought on by backsliding. It is a world of backsliders, and we are getting that wherever we turn. They were here this morning, and are here this afternoon. If we could have a list of men and women in this house who at some time or other have vowed that they would serve God and then went back on it, what a list it would be.

Was it any wonder, then, that we had twenty souls seeking salvation with broken hearts and tearful faces? No! The wonder is that our faith did not rise higher, and claim nine times that number. It was a never-to-be-forgotten example to every officer and soldier.

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THE NIGHT.

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER FOR SOULS—MIGHTY FAITH—GLORIOUS CONQUEST.

How shall we describe the indescribable? The story of a fiery prayer meeting has often been told in these pages, and as long as the Salvation Army lasts, and as often as the rebel wills of men are broken by the love of Christ, some means will be found for publishing the glorious fact. But we confess to a supreme difficulty. We face the duty of describing this, the General's last night prayer meeting, freighted as was with overwhelming importances of the Divine Presence, and culminating in the victory of sixty-seven souls for salvation. We must, we feel, adopt a new course, and let staff and field officers who took part in it, provide the description.

"The General gets better each time. I shall ever remember to-night as the greatest vision of Heaven and Hell that I have seen." This from Major Pugnire. "There is no man I believe, in Toronto, who dare speak such straight things as did the General to-night." This from Brigadier Margolis.

"As the General described the Crying Salvationists facing the cold waters of Jordan, and the conquering power of His faith, death seemed to me to be robbed, for once, of all its terror, and I felt as if I should like to die." This from a staff officer's wife, her face illumined with tears.

"A worthy, glorious successor to the afternoons of evanescence.

"Worthy, heroic soul, and heard nothing with which to compare it in this country." An Adjutant who has seen fourteen years' service. "Great is the power of truth."

"When the General classified sinners after sin, and asked if there were any other sinner, and who could it be, it seemed to me as if the human voice was drowned, and God only was speaking. But for pride and the fact that we are not accustomed to meetings on such a scale, there would have been hundreds at the Cross." This was the testimony, I think, of Major Collier.

"Engulfed in his wife crying, not without a ring of joy, bent over a woman.

Colonel Lawley is raising the chorus, "That means me—whosoever will come, and that means me." The woman rises to her feet, looks at the penitent form, and goes, or rather is led to it. She will be a mother.

"The water mark! Among the grandest days the General has had—one that will be hard to beat."

Colonel Lawley.

"This makes me feel quite well," said Mrs. Adj. Blaize, as she brought her fifth soul to the Cross.

"If the General would but stay a week longer, we would revolutionize the city." A soldier.

"I shall never, never forget the night."

Mrs. Colonel Jacobs.

"A night to compel you to love souls

with a new love. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Harvey.

"This is a most remarkable meeting—its influence is quite wonderful." A reporter.

"It will tell upon the spirit of the Army, from the Pacific to the Atlantic." A passing remark of the Field Commissioner.

"The fishing was on the border of perfection, especially in the gallery. The fifteen whom I counted from the first gallery were good cases." A comment by Commissioner Nicoll.

"The General recalled the Prophet Elijah. The address made it impossible for any to leave the Massey Hall unconvicted." Mrs. Brigadier Read.

"The General was a little too severe." "The General was a little too severe." This from a gentleman who acknowledged that the reason why he would not yield to God was because he had to tell lies daily to earn a livelihood.

"The General examines you." Brigadier Read.

"Why did we stop the meeting at all?" A soldier of the Lippincott St. corps. "Christianity understood." A staff officer. "The key to the true story of the Acts of the Apostles."

"This is our work. God bless the General." Adj. Page.

"The uniform smell of tobacco, when the 5th came out." By that time four or five tobacco pouches had been surrendered.

And we might go on to an indefinite length quoting the sayings of officers and soldiers in this way. Enough we hope has been given to satisfy even the critics that the telegram of a fortnight ago has not exaggerated the glory and work of the day.

The General showed unexampled vigor and spoke in the majesty and unction of the Holy Ghost. Colonel Lawley seconded his efforts in his best spirit, and with splendid tact.

The Field Commissioner fitted here, the Adjutant, Commissioner, Chaplain, recruiting, and aiding the efforts of all concerned. Commissioner Nicoll took hold of the prayer meeting at the 40th, and finished with the 6th. The band worked with the strength of a hundred men, and in the spirit of lovers of souls. The Adjutant, who had been in the ranks of the General's Comptroller, who was assisted by a competent staff. In short, everyone was at work, there was work for everyone, and they were rewarded with 105 souls for the day, or 389 for Toronto. Now for the Siege!

Now for the Siege!

WAR CRY

Present our readers this week with detailed reports of what has been, beyond all doubt, the mightiest Campaign of our history.

OUR Social Reform meeting was a magnificent success. We are compelled, however, to hold over the report till next week.

EXT WEEK in concluding our report of the Campaign, we shall have a few remarks to make on the grandeur of the General which has been amongst us nited with a combination of SINISTER fame and melting CALVARY tenderness.

DO THE SIEGE is upon us. We must crystallize within ourselves the truth to which we have listened, and then pour out the same in love, hot, Divinely-wise zeal for the interests of the war on the lines laid down in the Siege Instructions.

III REFIELD COMMISSIONER, we report, is failing rapidly, but report, etc., still improving in health. The Commissioner still suffers some pain, but keeps right at the front in spite of it.

Only about eight corps in the Territory have no J. S. work.

News to hand from Woodstock, Ont., tells of the interesting visit of the band to Simcoe. What with instruments being frozen and then thawed again and again, band concerts, oyster suppers, and best of all nineteen souls kneeling at the penitent form, their visit proved a time long to be remembered.

SIEGE "CRY" NEXT WEEK

OUR ROLL OF HONOR.

East Ontario Still Triumphant.

East Ontario—27 Hustlers; Sales, 1,570.

Ensign Walker, Belleville	125
Mrs. Adj't. Blackburn, Cornwall	115
Adj't. Blackburn, Cornwall	105
Capt. Hill, Montreal I.	85
Capt. French, Peterboro	85
Ensign Parker, Quebec	75
Capt. Banks, Burlington, Vt.	71
Lieut. Gross, Montreal I.	65
Lieut. Liddell, Burlington, Vt.	64
Capt. Little Wilson, St. Johnsbury	63
Sergt. Martine, Cornwall	60
Cadet Brown, Montreal II.	59
Capt. A. E. Coute, Campbellford	50
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	48
Bro. Kean, Montreal I.	48
Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall	49
Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt.	56
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	50
Lieut. N. Bacon, St. Johnsbury	47
Mrs. Barber, Burlington, Vt.	45
Bro. Fred Stevens, Barre, Vt.	33
Capt. Chappell, Brigton	31
Mrs. Capt. Coute, Campbellford	30
Mother, Lewis, Montreal I.	30
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	29
Hannah Smith, Peterboro	26
Sergt. Root, Belleville	26

Central Ontario—17 Hustlers; Sales, 571.

Capt. Stephen, Lindsay	85
Cand. Mrs. Skedden, Hamilton I.	76
Bro. Thomson, St. Catharines	42
H. Stolliker, Riverside	35
Sergt. Emily, Howell, Riverside	35
Ensign H. Cameron, Wellsville	30
Sgt. Jones, Hamilton I.	30
Mrs. John, Orillia	29
Bro. Simon, St. Catharines	28
Sergt. W. Stevens, Riverside	26
Sgt. D. Haxen, St. Catharines	25
Mary Robinson, Riverside	15
Sergt. Braze, Hamilton	21
Ensign Attwell, Riverside	20
Ensign Savage, St. Catharines	20
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I.	20
N. R. Rowe, Hamilton	20

West Ontario—18 Hustlers; Sales, 673.

Sergt. McDonald, Goderich	100
Capt. M. Collett, Galt	85
Mrs. Capt. Stubbs, Sacoforth	72
Mrs. Andrews, Berlin	55
Mrs. Scott, Guelph	50
Ethel Smith, Guelph	29
Capt. Stephens, Galt	29
Wm. Candler, Clinton	24
Mary Chastuer, Berlin	20
Myrtle Crawford, Clinton	29
Sgt. Ross, Goderich	29
F. D. Scott, Goderich	29
Sgt. Little Green, Walkerton	23
Lieut. Hodgeson, Berlin	22
Flora Cook, Clinton	20
Capt. Pynn, Walkerton	20

East a Province—11 Hustlers; Sales, 449.

Father Armstrong, St. John III.	110
Bro. Small, Durastooth	68
Frank Payne, Liverpool	49
Mrs. Snow, Durastooth	49
John McLean, Glass Bay	35
Mary McLean, Glass Bay	30
Capt. Piercy, St. John III.	30
Lieut. Hudson, St. John III.	30
Mickey Bliden, Glass Bay	29
John Spencer, Glass Bay	29
Robert Seaman, Liverpool	29

Pacific Province—6 Hustlers; Sales, 321.

Capt. Scott, Billings, Mont.	40
Lieut. Theen, Livingston, Mont.	40
Sgt. Brewster, B. C.	50
Sgt. Brewster, Missoula, Mont.	33
Sgt. Mrs. Johnson, Blamarck	28
Sgt. Wethers, Missoula, Mont.	24
Mrs. Ayre (av. 2 wks.)	125
Sergt. E. Barnes (av. 2 wks.)	70

North-West Province—1 Hustler; Sales, 135.

Capt. Graham, Edmonton (av. 2 wks) 135

Got a Good Start.

1. Get a good start in the morning by having time for prayer when you rise.

2. Put the Word of God in the right place. Feed upon it. Make yourself a Bible and prayer union.

3. Pray for what you want. Talk the day's business over with the Lord.

4. Get a dinner-time for your soul. Don't go from morning till night without a few minutes of spiritual retirement in the middle of the day. It is common sense that baffles the devil.

5. End the day well. Review it, and call your sins by the right name. Have straight forward dealings with the Lord.

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We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe to be friend, or assist, if possible, women, girls, women, or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark, "Enquiry," on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with we would be pleased to let them know.

Second Insertion.

254. **GEORGE HALL LIDDELL**, Age 33. Cabinetmaker by trade. Last heard from Fort Hope in 1889, stating he was making his way to Toronto. Mother enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.265. **SAMUEL SINCLAIR**, son of Samuel and Isabella Sinclair of Lindsay, Ont., who was then living in the Township of Vernon, near Bury's Green P. O. Height about 5 feet 2 inches, weight about 120 pounds, dark hair, dark eyes, dark beard (sometimes shaved off), sometimes wears a moustache. Last heard from in Jamestown, Dakota. His people are very anxious to know his whereabouts. Address, Mr. S. Sinclair, Bury's Green P. O., or Inquiry, Toronto.266. **ELIZA DRUMMOND**, supposed to be living in Toronto. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.267. **ALEX. MORAE**, of Cumberland. Last heard of him left Bearmount, Mont., for Butte to work in a mine. His father is anxious to hear of his whereabouts. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.268. **ALEXANDER LINTON**, Farmer, age 39, son of middle-aged parents. Height 5 ft. 10 in., top on 19th foot. Last heard of escaped from Fergus Insane Asylum, four years ago. Missing. Any information will be thankfully received. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.269. **PATRICK LAMBERT**, Age 40, stout, blue eyes. His wife wishes him to return to London, Ont. He left his home in 1890. Last heard of in England.270. **THOMAS WILLIAM GATEFIELD**. Last heard of 8 years ago. Was in New Mexico. Age 30, dark eyes, dark hair, height about 5 feet. Always worked on railroads. Address, Mrs. Miles Gatefield, 2 Church Road, Maindee, Newport, Monmouthshire, Eng., or Inquiry, Toronto.271. **JANE NICOLSON**. Left Galashiels, Scotland, five years ago for Brandon, Manitoba. Last heard of in Winnipeg, four years ago. Anyone knowing her whereabouts please address, Inquiry, Toronto.272. **CHARLES ERNST WOOD**. Left Birmingham, England, in 1886 with his brother William. Landed in Quebec and went straight to the Gethsemane Home, in London, Eng. His brother William is anxious to know his whereabouts. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

Third Insertion.

273. **FRED IBBOTSON**. Age 20 years. Last heard from Revelstoke, B. C., was then working for the Revelstoke Lumber Co. Mother enquires.274. **THOS. WILLIAMS**. From the Parish of Cradley, Herefordshire, Eng. Son of Nathaniel and Hanne Williams. Age 45 or 46. By making inquiry, his whereabouts will be known. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.275. **WILLIAM MASON**. Last heard of in Vacaville, California. Age 20, height 5 ft. 8 in., light complexion, slight mustache. Native of Ontario. His mother is now Mrs. Thos. McCone, and is inquiring for him.276. **JAMES W. BARKER**. Left Newfounland, Wednesday, Oct. 1, last. Height 5 ft. 7 in., light complexion, hair light. Age 41, height 5 ft. 10 in., hair light, forsooth, high, wavy, short, light brown. Eyes, large eye-balls, right eye slightly dropped more than left, has deep creases near eye-balls, worn glasses, small spectacles, and carried a pair of spectacles. One knowing his present whereabouts, please communicate with the Salvation Army, Inquiry, Toronto, Ontario.

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THE GENERAL'S Trans-Continental Campaign.

MORE PHENOMENAL MEETINGS.

HAMILTON.

Extraordinarily Successful Meetings.

A FAMOUS DIVINELY TESTIMONY TO THE ARMY AND ITS GENERAL.


THE RECEIPTION accorded our leader on landing was one of the most enthusiastic he has received since his Canadian Campaign began. The depot and its surroundings were crowded with citizens of all ranks of life, and this widespread interest was sustained until the General closed his visit.

If I were asked to state the results, I should classify them as:—

1. The removal of prejudice and a few old scores.
2. An inspiration to the local work of the Army.
3. A wider knowledge and warmer endorsement of the principles best calculated to work out the social and spiritual salvation of the people.
4. A revival of zeal among the clergy.

A few facts under each of these points, will support them. Take the first—the removal of prejudice. I will only quote Dr. Burns, President of the Methodist College in that city, as a sample fact. Here are some of the observations:—“The General had the honor of visiting General Booth on the occasion of his first visit to Hamilton, but although I was then near to him, I did not know him. I do now. His last night's address was a life-long inspiration. I never felt so small, insignificant and microscopic in my life. He refreshed my eyes and heart, and made me look back upon my life with an overwhelming sense of shame.”

Testimonies of a similar kind were common next day as telephones. The treasurer of No. 1 corps voiced the prevailing sentiments of the corps:—“His visit will make us in Hamilton. We love the General just as much as you do in the Old Country.”

But to the third gain from the visit—new ideas, or old ones in new dress, are not readily expected. But this visit of the General to Hamilton has convinced hundreds of its citizens of the infallibility of our principles for grappling with human misery. The moral economical power of remunerative labor as a means of improving the condition of the condition of the destitute, and especially the union of these with efficient and Divinely inspired workers. “General Booth is not only teaching us our work, but he is largely doing it.” said one divine in the Minister's room after the close of the General's meeting.

The visit also evoked a warm and widespread spirit of love, and joy towards the General, the Army as a whole, and we have only to add the introduction of the Rev. Dr. J. V. Smith as a sample eulogy of what our honored leader received as an indication of the convictions entertained by the clergy.

“Christian friends—We are just here

to-night under the auspices of the Salvation Army. The Army as a religious organization is in the world to stay.”

“Action of the nation” with a great many interesting chapters to follow. Some super-refined people used to look upon this marvelous movement with polite disdain. That, I am happy to say, does not affect the movement—it is simply a case of the old woman trying to sweep back the tide with a broom.

The progressivism which the Army represents, is nothing more or less than a tidal wave of apostolic character sweeping over the face of the earth. No religious movement of the Christian era could ever, or has made so grand a record in so short a time. The Army has broken every record in the world. It is one about a quarter of a century since old forgotten stood aghast and all ecclesiastical proprieties were startled and shocked by tambourines and drums, red guernseys and pique bonnets. Surely such absurd paraphernalia could not affect anything that was good. I thoroughly

believe that many of them thought that the reign of anti-Christ had actually begun. You remember when John was put in prison by Herod, that somehow the devil managed to get him into that Hunyuan cell “Doubting Castle”. His convictions concerning the Messiahship of Christ seemed to have got into a nebulous condition. He seemed to be losing his bearings, so he sent two of his disciples to Jesus to enquire from John, “Art Thou He that should come or look for another?” Jesus said, “Go and show John these things which ye do see and hear—then the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached unto them.” That was the best evidence Jesus could give of His Messiahship, so if there is anybody who is in doubt concerning the Divine origin of the Salvation Army, go show these Doubtful the things which ye do see and hear. You have evidence enough and conclusive enough to scatter the unbelief of a universe. How many blind eyes have been opened, how many deaf ears have been unstopped, how many lepers have been cleansed, through the instrumentality of this organization? Who can tell? And best of all, how many thousands and tens of thousands of neglected, forsaken poor, for whom Christ did not hear, he heard the story of God's redeeming love from the consecrated lips of men and women who wear the uniform of the Army? Wesley said, “Not only go where you are needed, but where you are needed most.” I am afraid that many of the churches are not working very closely with the excellent principles of the Army, for whom those who are most are left to shift for themselves, but through good report and ill, the Salvation Army has held out the hands of mercy and help to the destitute, the degraded and poor. In the great field of the submerged masses—where the churches stood powerless and silent, and the devil seemed to be having all his own way—God raised up this wonderful army who sprung into the breach and carried hope and salvation to countless thousands. Let us thank God and take courage as we behold the glorious results which are being achieved at home and abroad, in lands nominally Christian and in lands practically heathen.

“I am glad that we have with us General Booth, the founder and director of this movement.” General Booth is a man whom I believe to be as truly raised up of God for this magnificent endeavor, as any prophet or apostle of olden time. His character and work will grow in the eyes of the world, as the years go by. He is already, as is the best known man in the Kingdom of God, to-day—all the papers of the globe are talking about him, and for once they have a good subject to talk about. His name is in the synonym for Christianity in earnest—he is an itinerant day of Pentecost—an evangelical tornado in trousers. For three decades he has stood forth in the world as the leader of the most aggressive evangelism, the world has never seen. I trust that his life may be spared for many years to direct the ever-widening circles of this movement which is lifting such multitudes from the lowest pits of sin, preparing them for the glorious citizenship on earth, and the bright hope of a blessed beyond.”

The visit of the General to Hamilton was in every way a success. His private and public receptions were representative and enthusiastic. The meetings were crowded and influential. Enthusiasm was high, and the General's addresses were marked by his inevitable power of expression, logic, detail and salvation force.

The General was entertained by his old and esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, and he carried away with him a memory of his visit which will be fragrant in days and years to come.

It is alleged that the authorities at Harbor Grace, Nfld., forbade our society to march for three months. Our people were exceedingly obnoxious, and in order not to break the law, they just walked along in a body with flag and drums, in place of the usual two-deep marching. The “walking” caused quite a bit of excitement.

It is alleged that the authorities at

BRANTFORD.

A Successful Gathering in the Zion Presbyterian Church.

THE NEXT CITY to which the General advanced was that of Brantford, where he was received by His Worship, the Mayor, several members of the corps, and the officers and soldiers of the corps. My son, several of whom were present, was, by a coincidence, so intensely cold that it recalled the frightful cold snap which greeted the General on the occasion of his former visit. It no doubt interfered with a great many friends and sympathizers being present, inasmuch as there were almost as many ticked seats provided for the night, as there were people in attendance. As for the meeting itself, it formed one more tribute to the deep esteem in which the General is held, and to his marvelous power in making the very best use of his opportunities. The Mayor presided, and in language of exceptional ability, introduced the General as one who had brought light and hope to the dark regions of the earth. In the usual resolution at the close, both ministers and laymen gave an unqualified testimony to the good that the Army had accomplished in Brantford, and their admiration for what it had done in all parts of the world.

WOODSTOCK.

They Want the General Back.

THE GENERAL was only able to do an evening meeting in this fascinating little city, but it was nevertheless wonderful. The inclemency of the weather prevented many from the citizens they locked in hundreds to the Methodist Church long before the time of commencement, and when the General entered, not a vacant seat was to be seen. It was packed in every part. A political nomination, of some importance, no doubt debared a few from uniting with those who were present, but there must have been very many indeed. The General had come up to work with moral, liberty, and racial, and aviation which is best expressed in the language of the chairman, the good Pastor of the Church. “General Booth, we are delighted to see you once more in the city, and especially to know that you are in better health here. You can go to your next meeting assured of our highest and best wishes for the prosperity of the noble work you represent. Come back again—come back often—and we will give you another loyal and affectionate welcome.”

The collection amounted to \$100. Another hour after the termination of the meeting, the General was journeying for the evening meeting at London.

LONDON.

Large Gathering in the First Methodist Church.

JUDGE ELLIOTT ON T. S. A.

AJOR SOUTHLAND had things well arranged for this city. The reception meeting at the depot was well done. The Mayor and the General's host, Mr. McCormick—extended a hearty welcome to the General. The immense crowd broke into a hearty cheer. The band struck up a war march, and amidst a flame of music and blessing, the General drove off.

The meeting was held in the spacious, brilliantly-lighted and decorated First Methodist Church of the city. His Worship, Mayor Wilson, occupied the chair. Every religious denomination was represented by their respective Pastors, while the church itself was comfortably filled with a congregation “hic” number close on two thousand.

Whether it is a libel on the reputation of this honorable city, Fonden has been held to be somewhat conservative in his appreciation of good and refined men. No sign of this was visible, for as the General's statement and story of the Army's work was carried along, a wave of beautiful emotion and hearty applause was rendered. The Mayor's endorsement of the Army's work was put in studied moderation, but nevertheless evoked a rattling expression of kindly appreciation. Judge Elliott, a gentleman

who knows what he is talking about, and before forming a theory, usually into the facts, declares that the Army had put in a concrete form what no other organization had done, namely the unselfish spiritual benefit with the surest of foundations.

Perhaps the most suggestive note of the meeting was the readiness with which the vast assembly answered the call of the Mayor by instantly rising to their feet as a testimony of their sure and highest esteem of the General's review of the principles and progress of the organization.

The General stayed with Mr. McCormick, an old tried friend of the Army, during his visit in London.

The General's Tour Continued.

WESTERN CAMPAIGN.

VICTORIA, B.C., Wednesday, March 2.

VANCOUVER, B.C., Thursday, March 3.

SPokane, Wash., Saturday and Sunday, March 12 and 13. Auditorium.

WINNIPEG, Man., Wednesday and Thursday, March 16 and 17.

THE

FIELD COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS.

BUTTE, Sunday February 27th.

HELENA, Monday, February 28th.

MISSOULA, Tuesday, March 1st.

ROSSLAND, Thursday, March 3rd.

Brother Smerdon's Bereavement.

A very painful bereavement has overtaken Comrade Smerdon, of the Toronto Company, Toronto, namely, the loss of his dear wife. Mrs. Smerdon had been slightly unwell for some days, but was taken seriously ill on Saturday at 9 A.M. and passed away the following Wednesday afternoon. Brigadier Compton was called to visit her a few hours before she died and was privileged to point to her Jesus and the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, and although she did not speak, she uttered a short prayer for Christ, and found the gift of eternal life. In a previous period of her life Mrs. Smerdon was a bright Salvationist, but the Divine Light within her was dimmed through her refusal to obey God's call to become an officer in the Salvation Army. This she has spoken of herself, attributing her present obsequious days of heartache almost entirely to her loss of the Spirit of the Lord had been stirring with her greatly, and she had even gone the length of getting up from her seat to go to the penitent from, but had failed in the critical moment of decision. However, the same Spirit Who had been stirring with her did not leave her, but followed her, was with her on her death bed, for good. After putting her confidence in Christ, which she did in the expectation of getting better, and living for Christ, she rapidly sank. She recovered consciousness to give expressions to her desires with respect to her three little children; then she asked her husband to move her to the other side, and knew no more. Brigadier Compton conducted an impressive service at Bro. Smerdon's house on Friday afternoon when many, amidst tears, renewed their covenant with God. A short service was made to the sad event on the Sunday evening following at the Temple meeting at 10 P.M. Mrs. Mother Fonden farewelled for Kansas, according to previous announcements.

“We are having success here in our particular work. The Shelter, booms, and there is great demand for such an institution in Spokane.”—Mrs. Adj't. Edgcombe, The Haven, Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John C. Horn, S.A. Printing House, 13 Albert Street, Toronto.